THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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GLIMPSES OF MEXICO.

Obtained From the Note Book of a Traveling Correspondent.

Crossing the Rio Grande at Paso del Norte—The Drive to Mesilla.

Indians, Militia and Penitentes—End of the Trip.

[*For The Citizen.*]

We started on time in the morning, under a blazing sun, and followed the left bank of the Rio Grande, through groves of mesquite trees and other thorny shrubs—excellent covers for ambuscading Indians. One stage, or so, before reaching a place called Martin's Wells, situated in an open part of the valley, we changed drivers, and the man who took the box proved to be an old acquaintance. I had seen him last, in August, 1877, driving stage on the road between Uvalde and Fort Clark in Texas. He remembered me at once. I asked him why he had quit his former job.

"Well," said he, "I got into bad odor with the highwaymen and they forced me off the road."

As evening fell, we again changed horses, and something he learned at the station evidently alarmed the driver from Texas.

"What is it?" my companion inquired.

"The Indians have been running off cattle and have killed some people not far from here," he replied. "If we make Martin's all right, I reckon we'll go no further till mornin'."

Then he whipped up his horses, and we started off at a good pace. We had proceeded several miles, when, suddenly, the driver slackened speed and called our attention to a fire blazing at some distance on our left hands, around which he fancied he saw Indians executing a war-dance.

"That's an Apache camp-fire!" he cried. "It means mischief. They've been raisin' h— all around here, so I'll drive my best to Martin's."

He let his long whip fall on the horses' backs, and away they went like a pair of rockets. The old stage-coach rocked and bounded over the rugged road, and my fat friend and companion was almost shaken to a jelly. We expected every moment to hear a volley from the bushes by the roadside, but not a shot was fired and we reached the ranch, which was crowded with alarmed settlers, who had gathered there for mutual protection, in perfect safety.

In spite of the Indian scare and the advice of the frightened settlers, we resumed our journey along toward midnight, and experienced no further adventure until we reached the Fort Craig crossing of the Rio Grande. The turbid stream was swollen beyond its usual dimensions, and was running like the traditional mill race. We had again changed drivers, and our new Jehu was a tall, red-haired, red-bearded fellow, nick-named, from his hirsute appendages, "Reddy." He was about as wild and untamed a specimen of the human species as I have encountered, but knew how to handle his team to perfection.

At the stage tavern all hands had been drinking, and, although the sun had barely risen, they were awake and, apparently, quarreling vigorously.

"Where's Gordon? I want him to find the ford for me on his horse's back," cried "Reddy."

"Gordon! Where are ye Gordon? Here's yer boss," yelled the bacchanalians, as they emerged from the inn.

"Who the —— wants me?" cried an inebriated party, who, reeling from side to side on the bare back of a wild young horse, galloped up from a barn in the alleyway.

It was Gordon, and no lord was ever as drunk as he.

"Show me the ford," shouted "Reddy."

"The ford! Do ye hear 'im? Devil a ford is there left, for the bottom of the river shifts every min—hic—nits. But follow me you foxy-headed —— —— —— if you daar!"

"Go ahead!" cried "Reddy," and whipped up his spirited double team. My large companion looked at me, and made a motion as if to get out. But "Reddy" saw the door open and yelled down to us:

"Stay in there—stay in there. Even if we turn over this old crib will float!"

With that, drunken Gordon plunged into the stream on horseback, and his horse actually swam most of the distance. We both shouted to "Reddy" to be careful, but he heeded us not. With a yell that no Cheyenne on the warpath could have surpassed, he applied his long whip to the foaming horses, and in they plunged, like King William at the Boyne water.

In a moment we were in the middle of the stream, and, apparently, afloat. The yellow water rose to the very doors of the stage-coach, and the grim old vehicle swayed heavily to and fro. I confess I felt decidedly uncomfortable, and my fellow-passenger protruded half his huge form through the left-hand window, shouting directions to the reckless "Reddy."

"Mind your own —— business," was the brusque reply, as, with another Indian whoop, he brought down his cruel lash, and the frightened horses actually seemed to leap up the opposite muddy bank, as they gained their foot-hold in the shallow water.

"That rascal, Gordon, tried to drown us," said my companion. "There he goes back again."

So it was. The inebriate horseman plunged again into the dangerous stream, but "Reddy" urged his horses faster, and a grove of mesquite hid the subsequent movements of Gordon from our views. If he was not drowned then, he deserved to be.

The weather grew colder as we proceeded northward in New Mexico, and the bleak, repulsive sierras were covered with a thin coating of snow, which scarcely concealed their unspeakable hideousness. Sand storms, too, became frequent, and at one place, called Socorra, if I don't mistake, the wind blew so strong in the faces of the horses that the beasts went on a strike and would not move until the worst was over.

At about daylight, on a cold, gloomy Sunday morning, we reached the lower Albuquerque crossing of the Rio Grande, about eight miles from the town itself. We were somewhat behind time, and the Indians who generally piloted the rope ferry-boat, were not at their posts. Our driver—not "Reddy" this time—yelled at the top of his voice, and soon two Pueblo red-skins appeared. They explained that the wind was too strong for them to allow the boat being landed at the regular place, and, besides, the rope had broken, but they would paddle us across.

"This infernal place is the worst quicksand bottom on the whole river," said the driver, "but we must cross somehow."

The Indians, unable to paddle the boat from shore against the wind, got into the water, which was filled with floating ice, and pushed it by main force into the current, the coach and horses having been already driven upon it. Then they sprang aboard, and, with incredible strength and skill, managed to make the other bank, although much below the regular crossing.

The moment the boat touched, our driver, who was a most accomplished artist in his line, gave one of "Reddy's" yells, and off bounded horses and coach as if fired from an 80-ton cannon. So dangerous was the quicksand that, notwithstanding the pace, the horses once got nearly down to their knees, and the hubs of the wheels almost touched the treacherous surface. But, finally, we made terra firma, and, amid a fall of sleet, which speedily turned to a cold rain, we reached, within an hour, the homely pueblo of Albuquerque. The town with a name so resonant, and surroundings so uninviting, has greatly improved since those days, and, indeed, it sorely needed improvement.

The "hotel" was a one-story adobe ranch, and the rain poured in through the dingy ceiling of the "dining-room." Rats ran over our feet, while we sat at table, and there was a general aspect of discomfort in and around the establishment that cordially invited the blues to take possession of the forlorn guest. Old Mexico is greatly redeemed by its matchless climate. New Mexico, at least in that day, possessed most of the discomforts of its elder namesake, and its spring climate was simply shocking.

Our next stopping point of importance was Santa Fe, which had many of the features of Albuquerque, only on a larger scale. It, too, has yielded greatly since that period to Americanizing influences, but it was a dreary place enough, up there among the bald, brown hills, in the sleety April of 1879.

And what a stage-coach ride that was down the great mountain ridges toward the frontier of Colorado! My fat companion bade me good bye at the City of the Holy Faith, but I had other, and quite as agreeable, company in the shape of a family en route to Silver City, if my memory serves me right, and a very intelligent lady who, after a long stay among the Rocky Mountains, was homeward, and eastward, bound. The "eating" houses nearly starved us to death. The rough roads made us think that the rack of the days of religious persecution was a failure in the line of human torture, and the swear words of our driver excelled in burning—red hot—eloquence anything I had ever heard in the wildest flights of Satanic fluency indulged in by Crook's mule-whackers during the Big Horn and Yellowstone campaign.

Strange to say, we crossed the mountains without particular difficulty, but right in the middle of the plains, the coach broke down It was at or, at least, near, midnight when the accident occurred. The night was unpleasant, and we were all tired, hungry and irritable. However, by patience, perseverance and the use of unlimited quantities of rope, provided by the foresight of the driver, we managed to get started up again. The sun was well up as we neared the Colorado line. There were the spurs of the Rocky range above Trinidad, the Spanish peaks—visions of snow-robed beauty, softened by the blue haze of morning—towering boldly on our left hands, and, right in front, a mushroom town, half wall tents, half shanties, crowded with barrels, wheelbarrows, spades, shovels, picks, crowbars, and laborers in their shirt sleeves, using the digging implements. In the midst of the working party rose a long, narrow mound of earth, running down from a gap in the big sierra on the border. This was the town of Otero, and it was then the southern terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande narrow-gauge railway.

At this point, my stage journeying came to an end. I crossed "the switchback" to Trinidad on a construction-train, and had a noble view of the superb snowy range, called the Sierra Sangre de Christo, to the westward. Trinidad itself was a mean looking place, at that period, and I lost no time in leaving it behind me. Colorado Springs was an inviting stopping place, and there I "did" Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, and the other "sights"—all desecrated to some extent by the ruthless brush of the patent medicine advertisers, who, I verily believe, would not hesitate to daub "Ayer's Sarsaparilla" on the gates of heaven, if they ever got within arm's length of those dazzling barriers. Then, again, in the caves and grottoes of the wondrous "Garden," I found the cards of Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson, profusely scattered, while their initials were scooped with penknives upon the indignant rocks. I doubt if all the other blessings of the railroad are counterbalanced by the facility it gives to cheap vandals to visit spots their vulgar and lazy limbs could never carry them to otherwise. The sacredness of a place ennobled by the hand of God, is profaned by those wretches, who have neither eyes to understand nor souls to appreciate the virgin glory of unconquered nature. Some human animals are so constructed that they can never see a beautiful bird, beast or fish without a savage wish to destroy it. So, also, they never hesitate to profane beautiful, inanimate nature to gratify their silly vanity or their ignoble graspingness.

While at the Springs, I felt one day the absolute need of a stimulant, after my long and weary journey from Chicago to New Orleans, from that city to Vera Cruz, from the latter port to the City of Mexico, and from that picturesque capital to the Garden of the Gods.

"Mine Host," however, shook his head, and said solemnly "I'd like to oblige you, sir, but it can't be done—indeed it can't; unless," he added with a smile, "you are sick and can procure a doctor's certificate."

Providence visited me with a sudden faintness, and the pleasant Boniface procured me the necessary document—I suppose it was from a doctor—with instructions where to present it.

I followed his directions implicitly, and, entering a certain drug store, presented my "bit o' writin'" to a smart and suspicious clerk. He eyed me rather sharply, but finally concluding that I was to be trusted, he called a 'prentice boy, and motioned him to act as guide. We proceeded through many rooms and dark passage-ways, where not a sound was heard but our own footsteps. Finally we reached a large doorway, which I could barely make out in the deep shadow of the hall. Inside there was a confused murmur of voices, popping of corks and clinking of glasses. The door opened at a signal from my small guide, and there, in the full glare of a number of candelabras, a crowd of men were paying homage to the rosy god—some in champagne, others in usquebagh, and still others in the fluid of Gambrinus.

I took my place at the bar, and called for the "medicine" I needed. The bartender supplied me. I said to him,

"This temperance town of yours makes it inconvenient for a sick man to find a medicinal drink."

"Oh," said he, "you are mistaken, my friend. This is not a temperance town; it is merely local option!"

I could not see then, nor can I see yet, where the difference came in, although there certainly was a distinction.

From the Springs to Denver—then a small burgh compared to what it now is—was but a pleasant railroad jaunt, along the great dark wall of the Rockies, showing here and there a sharp-edged peak with opal tinged snow caps glittering in the evening sun. A few days later found me in Chicago, and here, properly, ends my account of my tour in Mexico before the iron-horse made traveling in that country almost commonplace.

J. F. F.

OBITUARY

MR. THOMAS SEERY.

Mr. Thomas Seery, beloved husband of Catherine Seery, an old resident of Chicago, died at his residence, No. 3148 Fifth avenue, on last Thursday morning, March 9, at the age of 72 years. The funeral will occur tomorrow (Sunday) at 10 o'clock, from his late residence to St. James' church, thence by cars to Calvary cemetery.

MRS. ELLEN M'DONNELL.

With sincere sorrow I chronicle the death of the venerable Mrs. Ellen McDonnell, the beloved wife of George McDonnell, which occurred on Saturday morning, the 25th ult., at her late residence, 123 Lytle street, of heart disease, after a brief illness. Mrs. McDonnell was born in the beautiful town of Dingle, county Kerry, Ireland, in the year 1825, and was consequently 68 years of age at the time of her demise. Early in youth she removed with her parents to Kanturk, county Cork, where she married, and thence came to Chicago about twenty-five years ago. The deceased was a most zealous and devout Catholic, a true and faithful wife, a loving and affectionate mother, and of a charitable and humble disposition. For seventeen years she was a member of the Married Ladies Society of Holy Family parish. Previous to to her death Father Lagae administered extreme unction, after which she passed peaceably away, surrounded by her devoted husband and affectionate children. The funeral took place on Monday, Feb. 27, to the Holy Family church, where a solemn requiem high mass was offered for the repose of her soul, after which a large concourse of carriages wended its way to Calvary cemetery, where the body was laid to rest in the family lot. The pall-bearers were Arthur Gillespie, P. W. Ryan, Michael Ryan, Stephen O'Brien, Maurice J. McDonnell, and Wm. McDonnell.

M. H. C.

Elderly people remember their spring bitters with a shudder. The present generation have much to be thankful for, not the least of their blessings being such a pleasant and thoroughly effective spring medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is a health-restorer and health-maintainer.

If the care of the hair were made a part of a lady's education, we should not see so many gray heads, and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer would be unnecessary.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Conquest was now consummated—England, great, populous, and wealthy, with all the resources and vast patronage of an existing government in her hands—with a magnificent army and navy—with the established course and current of commerce steadily flowing in the precise direction that suited her interests—with a powerful party on her side in Ireland itself, bound to her by lineage and by interest—and, above all, with her vast brute mass lying between us and the rest of Europe, enabling her to intercept the natural sympathies of other struggling nations, to interpret between us and the rest of mankind, and represent the troublesome sister island exactly in the light that she wished us to be regarded—England prosperous, potent, and at peace with all the earth besides—had succeeded (to her immortal honor and glory) in anticipating and crushing out of sight the last agonies of resistance in a small, poor, and divided island, which she had herself made poor and divided, carefully disarmed, almost totally defranchised, and totally deprived of the benefits of that very British "law" against which we revolted with such loathing and horror. England had done this; and whatsoever credit and prestige, whatsoever profit and power could be gained by such a feat, she has them all. "Now, for the first time these six hundred years," said the London *Times*, "England has Ireland at her mercy, and can deal with her as she pleases."

It was an opportunity not to be lost for the interests of British civilization. Parliament met late in January, 1849. The queen, in her "speech," lamented that "*another* failure of the potato crop had caused severe distress in Ireland: and thereupon asked parliament to continue, "for a limited period," the extraordinary power; that is, the power of proclaiming any district under martial law, and of throwing suspected persons into prison, without any charge against them. The Act was passed, of course.

Then, as the famine of 1848 was fully as grievous and destructive as any of the previous famines;—as the rate-payers were impoverished, and in most of the "unions," could not pay the rates already due—and were thus rapidly sinking into the condition of paupers; giving up the hopeless effort to maintain themselves by honest industry, and throwing themselves on the earnings of others; as the poorhouses were all filled to overflowing, and the exterminated people were either lying down to die or crowding into the emigrant ships;—as, in short, the Poor Law and the New Poor Law, and the Improved Poor Law, and the Supplementary Poor Law, had all manifestly proved a "failure," Lord John Russell's next step was to give Ireland *more* Poor Law.

When I say that the whole code of poor laws was a *failure*, I must qualify that expression, as before. They were a failure for their professed purpose—that of relieving the famine; but were a complete success for their real purpose—that of uprooting the people from the land, and casting them forth to perish. I have not much faith in the "government" statistics of that country, but as some may wish to see how much our enemies were willing to admit, I shall give some details from a report furnished in '48 by Captain Larcom, under the orders of the government, and founded on local reports of police inspectors. I find the main facts epitomized thus, for one year:—

"In the number of farms, of from one to five acres, the decrease has been 24,147; from five to fifteen acres, 27,379; from fifteen to thirty acres, 4,274; whilst of farms above thirty acres the increase has been 3,670. Seventy thousand occupiers, with their families, numbering about three hundred thousand, were rooted out of the land.

"In Leinster, the decrease in the number of holdings not exceeding one acre, as compared with the decrease of '47, was 3,749; above one, and not exceeding five, was 4,026; of five, and not exceeding fifteen, was 2,546; of fifteen to thirty, 891; making a total of 10,617.

"In Munster, the decrease in the holdings, under thirty acres, is stated at 18,814; the increase over thirty acres, 1,399.

"In Ulster, the decrease was 1,502; the increase, 1,154.

"In Connaught, where the labor of extermination was least, the clearance has been most extensive. There, in particular, the roots of holders of the soil were never planted deep beneath the surface, and, consequently, were exposed to every exterminator's hand. There were in 1847, 35,734 holders of from one to five acres. In the following year there were less by 9,703; there were 76,707 holders of from five to fifteen, less in one year by 12,891; those of from fifteen to thirty acres were reduced by 2,121; a total depopulation of 26,499 holders of land, exclusive of their families, was effected in Connaught in one year."

On this report it may be remarked that it was a list of killed and wounded in one year of carnage only—and of one class of people only. It takes no account of the dead in that multitudinous class thinned the most by famine, who had no land at all, but lived by the labor of their hands, and who were exposed before others, as having nothing but life to lose. As for the landlords, already encumbered by debt, the pressure of the poor-rates was fast breaking them down. In most cases, they were not so much as the receivers of their own rents, and had no more control over the bailiffs, sheriffs, and police, who plundered and chased away the people, than one of the pillars of their own grand entrance gates.

Take one paragraph now from amongst the commercial reports of the Irish papers, which will suggest more than any labored narrative could inculcate:—

"Upwards of 150 ass hides have been delivered in Dublin from the county Mayo, for exportation to Liverpool. The carcasses, owing to the scarcity of provisions, had been used as food!"

But those who could afford to dine upon famished jackasses were few, indeed. During this winter of '48-49, hundreds of thousands perished of hunger. During this same winter the herds and harvests raised on Irish ground were floating off to England on every tide: and, during this same winter, almost every steamship from England daily carried Irish paupers, men, women, and children, away from Liverpool and Bristol, to share the good cheer of their kinsmen at home.

It was in this state of things that Lord John Russell, having first secured a continued suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, proposed a new and novel sort of poor-rate for Ireland. It was called the "Rate-in-aid." That is to say, poor-law unions, which were still solvent, and could in some measure maintain their own local poor, were to be rated for relief of such unions as had sunk under the pressure. Assuming that Ireland and England are two integral parts of an "United Kingdom," (as we are assured they are), it seems hard to understand why a district in Leinster should be rated to relieve a pauper territory in Mayo—and a district in Yorkshire not. Or to comprehend why old and spent Irish laborers, who had given the best of their health and strength to the service of England, should be shipped off to Ireland to increase and intensify the pauperism and despair. But so it was; the maxim was that "the property of Ireland must support the poverty of Ireland;" without the least consideration of the fact that the property of Ireland was all this time supporting the luxury of England.

The next measure passed in the same session of parliament was the "Incumbered Estates Act;" the Act of 12th and 13th Victoria, c. 77. Under this a royal commission was issued, constituting a new court "for the sale of Incumbered Estates;" and the scope and intent of it were to give a short and summary method of bringing such estates to sale, on petition either of creditors or of owners. Before that time the only mode of doing this was through the slow and expensive proceedings of the Court of Chancery; and the number of incumbered landlords had grown so very large since the famine began, their debts so overwhelming, and their rental so curtailed, that the London money-brokers, and insurance officers, required a speedier and cheaper method of bringing their property to the hammer. What I wish to be fully understood is, that the Act was not intended to relieve, and did not relieve, anybody in Ireland; but that under pretence of facilitating legal proceedings, it contemplated a sweeping confiscation and new "Plantation" of the island. The English press was already complacently anticipating a peaceable transfer of Irish land to English and Scotch capitalists; and took pains to encourage them to invest their money under the new Act. Ireland, it was now declared, had become tranquil: "the Celts were gone:" and if any trouble should arise, there was the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act; and the horse, foot, and artillery, and the juries. Singular to relate, however, the new Act did not operate satisfactorily in that direction. English capitalists had a wholesome terror of Tipperary, and of the precarious tenure by which an Irish landlord holds his life; insomuch that the great bulk of the sales made by the commissioners were made to Irishmen:—and in the official return of the operations of the court, up to Oct., 1851, I find that while the gross amount produced by the sales had been more than three and a half millions sterling, there had been only fifty-two English and Scottish purchasers, to the amount of £319,486.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

HIBERNIAN RIFLES.

[*To the Editor.*]

Chicago, the center of activity in Irish affairs, is about to take one more step in advance and add to its record an Irish regiment. Not that it has not for the last fifteen years possessed one which has been its credit and its pride—for the Hibernian Rifles have been both of them. But that regiment, through the act of Gov. Altgeld, is to be mustered in as a regiment of the Illinois National Guard. It has been said that Irishmen are natural born soldiers. Certain it is that they make the best and most faithful of soldiers. In a voluntary organization, however, unconnected with and unsupported by the state, dependent entirely upon its members and their friends, there must be obstacles which prevent it attaining its full measure of success. The Rifles have contended with these for years, and may well be proud of the record they have made. Every national holiday, whether it has been Decoration Day, Independence Day, or St. Patrick's Day, has heard their martial music and their sturdy step. Sometimes by the captiousness of those in authority it has been prevented from parading with other military organizations. This was notably so in the Dedicatory ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition when it was refused permission to take part in the military parade, because it was not a part of the Illinois state troops, although it offered to bear its own expense, and was compelled to turn out with the civic societies.

All this is now to be changed. The regiment is to take its proper place as a part of the authorized troops of the State, upon equal footing with the other regiments of the I. N. G. It has asked no favors in the past; it will need none in the future. It has received and will continue to receive the enthusiastic support of the Irish-Americans of this commonwealth. As a part of the military forces of the State it will receive the support of all good citizens. The first and third battalions drill every Wednesday evening at the Second Regiment Armory, Michigan avenue, foot of Madison street; Company D drills Monday evenings at 3609 South Haleted street; Company E at Forty-sixth street and Wentworth avenue, and Company F Monday evenings at the Opera House, South Chicago. Applications for membership are received on drill nights. We look forward to this regiment making a name and record of which the citizens of this State, especially Irish-Americans, may be proud. Its number, the Seventh, is historic, made so by an Irish-American regiment—the gallant Seventh Massachusetts—and we have no doubt that its members will emulate the example of that other Irish regiment, the Sixty-ninth of New York, and make this, as that is, the foremost militia regiment in the State. We cannot close this brief article without commending the work that has been, and is now being done by Col. Francis T. Colby, Major James F. Lusk, Capts. Garrett J. Carroll, Daniel Moriarty, Michael D. Sullivan, William Carroll, and Adjutant Jeremiah S. Hyland.

C.

LITERARY.

"The Borrowed Bride," a fairy love legend of Donegal; by Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy. Holt Bros., Vandewater street, New York.

This is one of the most important Anglo-Irish poems that has been published in America since Dr. Joyce's famous poems of "Deirdre" and "Blanaid" were written. The plan of the "Borrowed Bride" is quite original. The metre is changed in every "duan," and every "duan" is, for the most part, written in the same metre. This plan gives the poem great diversity, and makes it all the more interesting. The very best poem that ever was written loses something by being all in the same kind of metre. It would be hardly too much to say that even "Paradise Lost" would be more attractive were it not for the everlasting sameness of its measure. However the public may receive "The Borrowed Bride," and however its poetry and plot may please them, there is no denying the beauty of the "get up" of the book, and the originality of its artistic conceptions. Paper, binding, illustrations and ornaments are of the very finest and most recherche kind. The illustrations are all the work of Irishmen, or at least of Irish people. Mr. John G. Lee, formerly of Dublin, is one of those who designed some of the many fine engravings with which the book is embellished. Mr. Lee is well known in New York as one of the most accomplished artists in that city. The same may be said of Miss Madeline D. Morgan and Mr. Fred Morgan. These three distinguished artists were the designers of all the illustrations in "The Borrowed Bride," and well have they done their work, for very few books ever brought out in America are more beautifully illustrated.

"The Borrowed Bride" is essentially a fairy tale, and an Irish one at that. The scene lies in Donegal, and the time, if we can judge by the armor and dress of the men whose pictures are given, must have been hundreds of years ago, when warriors were clad in chain armor and fought only with sword, spear and bow. This poem is also essentially one of imagination; it is in no way historic; but its complete unrealness is one of its most charming features. The subject and object of the poem could hardly be better shown than by giving one of the author's introductory stanzas:

"Old tales can give to mind and heart
A holiday's refreshment, and
Closed up the ledgers and the mart,
Cause faith and feeling to expand."

Mr. Cassidy says in his short preface to the poem that the legends on which it is founded were gathered in the wild and romantic barony of the Rosses in Donegal. He has woven them into a very attractive poem, which cannot fail to charm and interest thousands not only of Irish nationality but of all nationalities. It is to be hoped that "The Borrowed Bride" will prove a success, for it is one of the most charming, original in conception, and best got up books of the kind that has ever been issued from the American press.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from its own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XII.

A HOT ENGAGEMENT.

"Here they come! here they come! hush'd is the midnight drum.
Oh! what a trysting we'll soon hold together;
Tighter and tighter grasp, 'tis the last parting clasp,
Now sweep like whirlwind out on the heather!
Faces grew frothing white, all in the silent night;
'Blood!' was the cry from hundred lips gushing;
Out on the open heath quick spread the work of death,
Foe against foe with a demon force rushing."

The night air, raw and chilly, bearing on her cheeks as she was carried rapidly outwards, aroused Kathleen from her long swoon. Feebly she moved her limbs, and then, with a spasmodic gasp and a deep sigh, she opened her eyes. Her surprise and alarm became gradually more and more intense as she experienced the sensation of being carried rapidly onwards—whither she could not for the life of her guess. She tried to pierce the thick darkness that seemed to envelop her as a sable pall, but her eyes could at first discern nothing in the gloomy chaos. Where was she?—what did this mean?—was she mad? With a beating heart she put to herself those questions, and that without the slightest hope of her solving them.

Cautiously she thrust out her arms and felt around her, and then her heart gave one great bound of terror as she discovered that her waist was encircled by the arm of a man. Then, swift as a lightning flash, her mind reverted to the incidents preceding her swoon. The terrible face at her chamber window, the entrance of the maniac, her vain struggle with him while his fiery eyes glared into hers and his hot breath fell on her face like the heat of a furnace—all this she remembered, and then came the dread thought that she was now in his clutches.

But no; her eyes began to distinguish the objects around her;—she obtained some idea of her whereabouts. She was gliding through a deep rocky glen or mountain gorge, in the centre of a large number of horsemen, the trampling of whose horses' hoofs resounded far before and behind her. Massive gray rocks and moss-clad boulders lay to the left and right, mingled with shrubs and bushes, while here and there stood a solitary clump of trees looking like dark mourning plumes in the dim light, and on one side a rapid mountain torrent foamed and bounded along a narrow cleft in the hillside. Over the rugged horizon right before her a broad streak of cold gray light was gradually becoming broader and brighter, while in the western sky a crescent moon was growing paler and paler in proportion. She ventured a timid glance upward at the face of the owner of the arm that encircled her. She did so only to meet a pair of basilisk eyes gleaming beneath the low, straight steel peak of a casquetel, and she quickly withdrew her gaze with a dim consciousness of having seen those eyes and that face somewhere before. At this instant a hoarse malignant voice sounded in her ear.

"Aha, my pretty bird, my dainty linnet, so you are comming to at last. Ho-ho, my gentle dove, how feel you in the clutches of the hawk?"

A shriek burst from her lips, and she struggled desperately to free herself; but vain indeed were her efforts to loose the embrace of the strong gauntleted hand that clasped her waist. Again she looked in the grim face of the strong soldier who held her, and in a flutter of terror and apprehension besought his mercy and pity.

"Release me; free me for heaven's sake!" she cried, piteously. "Oh! what injury have I done you? Whither are you taking me? Who are you?"

"Who am I, is it?" echoed the trooper, with a bitter laugh; "that you'll know in time, my bonnie lass. Curse me, but I marvel much how I have slipped from your dainty memory so soon;—but bide a little my dove, we will haply renew our acquaintance when we reach Manor Hamilton."

Manor Hamilton! She started in horror as she realized the true nature of her situation. She was in the hands of enemies—of what pitiless, vile, and wanton enemies she dreaded to think. Closely and earnestly she scanned the forbidding face bending over her, and its owner responded to her curious gaze with a mocking laugh.

"Ha, ha! so my face is a puzzle to you yet. Let me see if I can in any way freshen your memory. Hark ye, girl; remember ye the burial of your father or grandfather, or who'er he was—devil take his bones, say I—in the old Papist rookery of Creevlea yonder? 'Twas in autumn last. You will bear in mind the howl and the scuffle, I warrant me, and the blow which your accursed leman, O'Tracy, dealt me—may his hand be withered for the act! Now, now, I doubt not but you remember Gilbert Harrison."

Alas! too well she remembered him, and her blood seemed to turn to ice as she met the triumphant stare of his evil eyes.

"The hard buffet I got on that day was caused by one little kiss that I snatched from you in play; now I can have as many kisses as I will, and no one dare buffet me for it.

And suiting the action to the word, the speaker rained a shower of kisses on the lips of his captive. But he had, as the saying is, reckoned without his host. With a supreme effort Kathleen succeeded in freeing both her hands, and then in a trice she had scored the face of her libertine persecutor, drawing her sharp nails down both of his cheeks from eye to chin, and leaving long, bleeding scratches as the result of her handiwork. Harrison gave vent to a round of furious oaths, his anger increased more by the laughter and jeers of his companions than by the smarting pain of his torn cheeks, and seized the arms of our Wild Rose with a grip that almost dislocated them.

"Confound you for a wildcat!" he exclaimed, "you have torn my face to pieces; quiet or I'll strangle you!"

His great hard fingers encircled her white neck as if he meant to put his threat into execution.

At this moment the loud ringing reports of several muskets were heard in front, followed by a long rolling volley which reverberated loudly in the still air of the early morning. Several of the troopers in the van threw up their arms and fell from their saddles, and their riderless horses came dashing back through the pass, their hoofs striking fire from the flinty stones.

Then a long shrill shout resounded weirdly through the gloaming of the dawning day, like a wild, bitter cry of wrath and vengeance; and many an iron hearted Puritan paled as he recognized it;—it was the slogan of the Irish.

"Musketeers, open your pans—blow matches!" thundered the deep voice of Sir Frederick Hamilton.

The Puritans had arrived within three miles of Manor Hamilton. To their left spread a great bog—a fen wilderness of purple heath, the haunt of the lonely "ceark-frihy," or heather hen—a wild morass, abounding in deep, miry holes, their surface covered with the green, treacherous sphagnum, or bog moss. To the right arose a great assemblage of huge rocks, overshaded here and there by the foliage of the mountain ash, the whitethorn, the red-berried rowan-tree, and other trees springing at intervals from the soil between the limestone boulders. Forth from the shadow of those trees, over which the smoke of the recent discharge was still curling in the air, flashed another volley of musketry, dealing death among the Puritan ranks, and then, with a second wild battle shout, down rushed a numerous body of Irish pikemen from their ambush, and charged the troopers with fury. At the same time a corps of cavalry swept out from an adjacent gorge and bore down on the surprised Scotchmen, while a chorus of shouts and a rattling volley further up the pass announced that the Puritan infantry that brought up the rear had been attacked simultaneously.

"Steady, men;—give fire!" cried the voice of Hamilton again.

The Puritan volley flashed and crackled all along the pass, placing many of the Irish *kors de combat*; and then both sides closed in a hot and desperate melee, no quarter being given or expected on either side. By this time the summer sun had arisen and hung suspended over the northeastern horrizon—a great crimson orb, whose level beams shot like fiery arrows through the pass, lighting up the dread scene of conflict with a sanguinary radiance, and sparkling on the bright weapons, helmets, and breastplates of the confused, struggling mass of combatants.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" shouted the Puritans; "no quarter to the sons of Belial! Smite accursed Papist brood hip and thigh!"

"Close in on them, ma bouchals," rang the voice of Teig O'Conor Sligo, a tall and soldierly cavalier and the descendant of a race of gallant warriors, "close in on the *bodaghs!* Strike hard and strike home!" His lieutenant colonel, McDonogh, was fighting, pike in hand, in the ranks of the Irish footmen.

"Down with the accursed Albanach!" cried the voice of Owen O'Rourke. "Death to the murderers of helpless women and children! No quarter to the merciless dogs"—and the chieftain clove the helmet and skull of one trooper and ran another through the throat almost as he spoke.

"Bravely done, Emon avic!" he exclaimed, as he saw his foster son, who rode by his side, send a stalwart Puritan to his last account; "dhar ma corp, 'twas a neat thrust! Well done, Brennymen; give the rascals a touch of the old times!"

Slowly but surely the fight went in favor of the Irish. Recoiling in confusion from the bristling pikes of O'Conor's and O'Rourke's clansmen, the Puritan horse retreated into the vast moss on their left. Here several of them were bogged, and as the horses sunk to their girths, floundering helplessly in the soft, black mire, their riders were mercilessly piked by the exasperated Irish.

Burning to retrieve the fortune of the day, the Puritan commander, ably seconded by about two score of his most stalwart horsemen, pricked forward and dashed with fiery impetus through the Irish infantry, scattering them in confusion to the right and left. But obedient to the rallying cries of their leaders, the Irish closed up and made a fierce and determined onset on their enemies; and almost immediately Hamilton and the group of cavalry that guarded him were cut off from their main body, and surrounded by an ardent band of insurgents, raging for vengeance, on their arch-persecutor, the cruel lord of Manor Hamilton.

"Down with the Albanach! Death to Hamilton!" rang the ominous cry.

In the heat of this conflict—which was isolated from the general engagement—and in the midst of the deafening tumult and noise of struggling men and prancing horses, clashing weapons, crackling pistol shots, loud shouts and oaths and agonized cries, fought Edmund O'Tracy, who soon found himself confronted by no less a personage than Hamilton himself.

"Come on, rebel spawn!" cried the latter; "have at ye, Irish dog! So, so!—" and he lunged full tilt at the young man's breast with his long Toledo. The thrust was deftly parried by O'Tracy, and then both antagonists closed in hot and desperate combat, exchanging cut and thrust with lightning-like rapidity. Both were dexterous swordsmen, and they fought on for some time without either giving or getting a wound. At length a stream of blood trickled from O'Tracy's temple, while the great yellow buckskin glove on Hamilton's bridle was saturated with a similar crimson stream. Suddenly a round, heavy stone shot by a vigorous arm dashed against the Puritan's head, hurling him from his horse to the ground—for such primitive missiles were used by the Irish on this occasion.

At the fall of their great enemy, the Irish sent up a shout of triumph, but the Scotch troopers formed a ring around their fallen leader, who was speedily on horseback again, bareheaded, his Spanish beaver and the small steel cap which he wore under it having been stricken from his head by the blow.

In a moment he had singled out his adversary again: O'Tracy was not slow to meet him a second time, and their meeting weapons once more clashed fiercely together. But ere three passes were made Hamilton was a second time dismounted. A pike was driven between the ribs of his charger; the wounded animal arose on its haunches, wildly beating the air with its forelegs, then fell forward on its knees; and the Puritan, ere he could recover himself, was flung over the neck of his dying horse.

Another exulting Irish cheer floated in the air; but, just as a gigantic Breffuian pikeman was about to administer the coup de grace to the prostrate Sir Frederick, a huge and powerful steed, black as night, and bearing a double burden, came dashing through the fray, shattering the pikestaff to pieces with his flying hoofs as he passed; and immediately, profiting by the event, the Scots once more rescued their leader from his perilous situation.

The rapid passage of that black steed awoke an intense and thrilling emotion in the heart of Edmund O'Tracy; for, to his unspeakable surprise, he had caught a glimpse of the face of her whom he held dearest on the wide earth passing swiftly within a yard of his own. As he stood for a moment—excited—bewildered—heedless of what was going on around him, a piercing shriek rang in his ears, and then he heard the words:

"Emon—Emon O'Tracy!—help! save me! save me!"

Instantly, with all his blood on fire, he sprang on the back of a riderless horse and dashed off on the track of the black charger; and in a few seconds he caught sight of the object of his pursuit about fifty yards in front of him, careering onward like the wind.

An exciting chase ensued. The powerful black steed seemed to bear his two riders with ease, but by degrees O'Tracy's horse gained on him. Edmund could only see the trooper's back, with the lobster-tail of his casquetel falling over the back of his cuirass; but now and then his eyes caught the flutter of a woman's dress. Harder and harder he spurred his horse, whose every bound brought him nearer to the fugitive trooper. Only two miles lay between them and Manor Hamilton, and he felt convinced that long ere that distance was made he should run down the black steed—should clasp his Wild Rose in his arms!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIS LEANANNAIN.]

D'innis fear an tighe dhóibh go raibh an fathsch a bhí annsa g-coill an-milliteach, agus gur mharbh sé timchioll ceud duine gach bliadhain, agus nach ndeachaidh fear no bean riamh uaidh d'á rug sé air go dti sin. D'fhiafráigh siad de, cad é an t-ainm a bhí air, agus dúbhairt seisean gur b'iomdha an t-ainm a bhí air, gur ghlaodh na daoine an taobh seo de'n g-coill "an t-Itheadóir" air, agus gur ghlaodh daoine eile "an Feannadóir" air. Dubhairt sé chor leis sin gur chaith se an lá agus an oidhche ag dul thart annsa' g-coill ag cuartughadh air thóir daoine do theidheadh air seachrán, acht go raibh sé faoi ghceasaibh gan teacht amach as go bráth. Dubhairt sé mar an gceudna go raibh spiadóiridh aige, sean-chailleach, agus a h-inghean, do bhí 'una g-cómhnuidhe i mbothán beag air bhruach na coille, agus gur mheall siadsan an méad do thiuefadh anaice leo, go gcuirfeadh siad fios air an bhfathach agus go dtiuefadh sé agus go marbhfadh sé na daoine bochta do ghlacfadh lóistin annsa' mbothán sin. Nuair chualaidh an ingheán óg sin nior fheud sí gan chrathadh aris air gcuimhniughadh dhí chomh fogus do'n mbás agus bhí sise agus dheare sí go carthanach agus go buidheach air Ghoillis do shábháil í.

Nior fheud sí dul nios faide le tamall beag, agus chaith siad trí lá annsa' d-teach-ósda sin, go croidheambail compórtamhail, acht bhí a g-cuid airgid ag dírighe gann agus bhí faitchios orra fanamhaint chomh fada agus budh mhian leis an mhuiol óig. B'éigin dóibh siúbhal aris agus d'fhág siad an bull sin le croidhe buaidh righthe bronach, acht ní rabh aon neart ná árach aca air.

Shiúbhal siad sé no seacht de laethibh 'r éis a cheile gan sgith gan stad, agus shaoil siad go raibh siad ag tarraing anaice leis an bh-Fraince. Bhí an tír anna dtáinic siad anois fiadhaiu agus enocach. Ní raibh aon rud eile le feicsint acu ach clocha móra, carraige, agus creaga árda, le lochaibh ulsge dhuibh ó áit go h-áit 'nna measg, agus bhí an bóthar an-chúmang agus caol, agus e ag dul suas air mtribh áir bharr sleibhe, agus bhidheadh gleann mor doimhin le na thaoibh agus an bóthar gearrtha as an g-carraig dhuibh, agus dá dtuitfeadh duine, (rud budh cosmhuil go leor muna mbéidheadh sé air a cheimheud), gheabhfadh sé leagadh mile troigh síos go mbráighdhe i ngiotaibh é air na clochaibh geura garbha do bhi annsan ngleann.

Ní gan eagla do shiúbhal an bhean óg thar na bótharaibh dainseuracha so, agus bhí faitchios uirri dearcadh síos air an doimhneacht do bhí fúithi, acht do thug Goillis a lámh di, agus thug sé croidhe agus meisneach di.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1886.

{ SEAL }

A. W. GLEASON.
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

A young girl in Montreal, named Mary Parker, for deserting the service of Mr. George E. Small was found guilty and sentenced to five minutes' imprisonment and fined five cents, or eight days in jail.

Nature's Surest Ally.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus struggles let us, lest worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "lamp to our feet" indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

A Grateful Woman.

I am so thankful that Mrs. Wymen told her experience in your columns last month. My husband has been sick and we have several small children and I had to do something. Mrs. Wymen's success with the plater led me to believe that I could make a little money too. I obtained a plater for $5 and have been plating for the last three weeks, as I could find the time to leave the house, and have made $36.50. I would not have believed that it was so easy to make money with the plating machine. Everybody has a little work they want done, and I sold two plating machines and made $5 apiece on them to friends who wanted them for their children. Any one can plate and anybody can succeed, as I have done. There is no experience needed. My husband says when he gets well he is going into the plating business. Any one can obtain circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, where I got my machine.

MRS. TORRY.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

SHE TURNED THE TABLES.

How a Little Homely Knowledge Saved a Young Lady Much Discomfort.

A young lady through her knowledge of housewifery rather turned the tables upon a would be jester one day and let that individual, who was of the male persuasion, into a little secret of considerable importance to those who have occasion to work in the kitchen as amateurs.

The two were members of a party visiting an Adirondack camp in the Saranac lake region. Every one was well acquainted, and the days passed merrily away until a heavy rainstorm drove the ladies and the less enthusiastic fishermen indoors and compelled them to seek other forms of amusement. The rain continued to fall almost without intermission for several days, and as a means to relieve the monotony the gentleman already referred to proposed that the various members of the party try their hand at cooking the next meal.

Permission was obtained from the host, the members of the party laughingly agreed to the proposition, and the guide, whose duty it was to act as cook, was for the time sent about other business. The gentleman acted as chef, and with a knowledge obtained from serving on the house committee of a prominent New York club proceeded to assign various work to his aids and appointed the young lady first vegetable cook for the express purpose of making her peel onions, the odor of which she loathed.

When the party adjourned to the kitchen to begin preparations, a large supply of strong odored red onions was brought to the lady, and she was requested to remove the outer cuticle. The acting chef and the others who had been let into the secret made merry over the supposed discomfiture of the first vegetable cook, but the latter smiled sweetly and uttered no protest.

"Bring me a deep pan," she said to her helper, and when this was produced she filled it to the brim with water. Then she tucked up her sleeves to the elbow, showing just the prettiest pair of arms in the world, and removing her rings set to work peeling the onions under water with a deftness that showed how familiar she was with the work and depriving it of all its offensiveness.

It was a revelation to the man, who had looked either for a vigorous protest, or had expected to see the eyes of the vegetable cook water from the effects of the onion juice. The amateur dinner was in every way a success, but none of the cooks achieved a greater triumph than the one whose practical experience showed to the others the common sense method of peeling onions.—New York Herald.

A Life Work.

Mr. Sutherland got hold of a prodigious Clarendon and Burnet and made it the richest and most extensive pictorial history in existence or ever likely to be in existence. He found nearly 19,000 prints and drawings for it and no less than 731 portraits of Charles I, 518 of Charles II, 352 of Cromwell, 273 of James II and 490 of William III. If, remarks Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, we only think how few are the portaits of Charles I, and these mostly copies after Vandyke, we shall have an idea of the labor and exploration necessary to gather up the 731. Think also of the pains and cost in cleaning, "laying down," "insetting," and "inlaying" these portraits, the binding, arranging, etc., and we shall not be surprised to learn that this folly occupied the fanatical Sutherland such a lengthy portion of his life.

When finished, it filled 67 huge volumes and had cost £12,000! We may conceive all the visitings of print shops, the turning over boxes of prints, the groveling among winds and lanes, the correspondence and the endless paying of money! To give a finish to his labors a catalogue was prepared of all the engravings. This filled two great quartos. At Sutherland's death the work was carried on by his widow, who is reported to have given as much as £80 for a single plate!—Temple Bar.

Peculiarities About Tramps.

"A fact about your professional vagrant or tramp is that they never want to go back to the place from where they were sent," says a penitentiary superintendent. "For instance, if one is sent in from along the Susquehanna road, on his discharge he usually requests to be sent north, east or south, or any direction that will take him away from that in which he was apprehended.

"Only the other day a tramp sent from Otsego begged to be sent to Hudson. He begged so hard that I gave him a ticket to Hudson. The next day he was back again. 'They pulled me as soon as I stepped from the train,' he said. County officers, you see, are always on the lookout for tramps because of the mileage received for bringing them here. Work? No, they wouldn't show any inclination or desire for work if they had to lay in the penitentiary for months. But we compel them to earn their keep, very much to their disgust. Usually I set them to work cane seating chairs."—Albany Journal.

Mrs. Mossman Was Petrified.

In June, 1884, Mrs. Abigail Mossman was interred at the Hazelwood cemetery in Poweshiek county, Ia. Not long since relatives determined to remove the remains to another cemetery. The workmen engaged to perform the job found the coffin filled to overflowing with red colored mineral water. This was drained off, whereupon it was found that the corpse, with the exception of the fingers and toes, was perfectly petrified. The hair was perfectly natural, as was also a bouquet of roses that lay on her breast. After a thorough examination by relatives and friends the coffin was again closed and covered in.—St. Louis Republic.

A Kind Mistress.

It was raining in torrents.

"Julie!" said madam to her maid, "be quick and run across to the milliners and tell her not to forget my hat."

"Can I take Azor out with me, madam?"

"Are you mad, Julie? Can't you see for yourself that the weather is not fit to turn a dog out of doors?"—Evenement.

A PRISON AND PALACE.

Behold the tall and lambent spire
Irradiate with sunset fire,
Those windows amit with twilight beams,
With evening's iridescent gleams;
How they reflect the early night,
Its mingling gold and lazulite,
And how those tall transfigured towers
Bloom 'gainst the night like granite flowers
How grandly lifts yon burnished dome
A skyey shape of fire and foam!
"What are the buildings, friend?" said I,
"That loom against the eastern sky,
And dashed with many a sunset gleam
Look like the palace of a dream?"

"Them buildings, boss," the man replied—
A sly smile in his features pale—
"You just lookout you keep outside;
Them buildings is the county jail."

Pained at this ending of my dream,
This anticlimax to my theme,
I found a poultice for my pain
In this wise moralizing strain:

We all live in a county jail
Whose towering walls we cannot scale,
Though firmly, all in vain, we press
Against its granite stubbornness.
Dull, cold as fate, its walls arise
And shut our vision from the skies.
But when hope's sunlight falls upon
Its thick and heavy walls of stone,
They loom against the coming night,
Transfigured in a mystic light,
And, bathed in gold and amethyst,
The granite grows as soft as mist—
Transformed becomes the culprit's jail,
And from its towers cloud banners fling
Their gorgeous windings to the gale—
It is a palace of a king!

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

The Memory of Villains.

Although the world is said to know nothing of its greatest men, it has always had an unaccountable and it would seem invincible propensity for retaining remembrance of the very worst specimens of humanity, and it is really questionable whether the laurel of the conqueror and the bays of the poet are, in the long run, quite so certain of enduring fame as the halters which have strangled the most notorious of scoundrels. The French have not forgotten those old time villains Cartouche and Mandrin, while in England Dick Turpin and his apocryphal ride to York have not passed from the public memory.

The exploits of Jack Sheppard as a burglar and prison breaker turn up from time to time in the public prints, and it is an almost scandalous fact that quite modern fashionable dressmakers have devised a costume named after Claude Duval, a rascal in whose career there is not one single picturesque or romantic feature beyond the dubious story that he once refrained from stealing the jewels of a lady whose coach he had stopped on condition that she would alight from her equipage and dance a coranto with him. The varlet was a discharged footman of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and, taking the highway, was in due course of time caught, convicted and hanged at Tyburn. Yet somehow or another it seems next to the impossible to bury the memory of these and similar malefactors in oblivion.—Boston Herald.

Left In One Car In One Month.

A brown paper parcel of goodly proportions was turned in at the lost article bureau of the Wagner Palace Car company a few days ago, the contents of which give a fair idea of the kind of articles that the travelers on the rail leave behind them in their forgetfulness. The bundle aforesaid contained the collection of lost articles made by the conductor of one sleeping car for a month. The variety of articles thus accumulated was amusing as well as interesting. When the bundle was untied on the broad table in the lost article bureau, the first thing that rolled out was a silver handled shaving brush. There was no accompanying razor, the owner probably having remembered to put that useful instrument back in his satchel. A full set of false teeth nestled cosily in a cluster of false hair and a small copy of the Episcopal prayer book was jammed against a neat leather covered pocket flask. Of toothbrushes and hairbrushes and combs there were half a dozen each.

Other things in this odd collection included a baby's milk bottle, a pair of ladies' slippers, one patent leather shoe once worn by a man, a woolen undershirt, manicure set in Russia morocco case, two or three empty portmonnaies, and, most singular of all, a dainty little bonnet so attractive in form and color that it is a wonder how any woman could have forgotten it.—New York Times.

IN GLASS.

That's the way Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets come. And it's a more important point than you think. It keeps them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes.

They're put up in a better way, and they *act* in a better way, than the huge, old-fashioned pills. No griping, no violence, no reaction afterward that sometimes leaves you worse off than before. In that way, they cure *permanently*. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

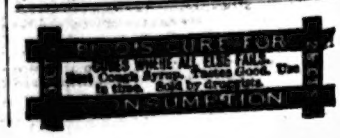
They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts—the smallest in size, the easiest to take, and the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

There's nothing likely to be "*just as good.*"

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 20 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, P. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



NEW ADMINISTRATION.

Grover Cleveland, President of the United States.

CEREMONIES OF THE INAUGURATION

Cleveland Takes the Oath on the Central Portico of the Capitol Building in the Presence of a Vast Multitude of People—Full Text of His Inaugural Address—Imposing Military Parade Under Command of General Martin McMahon.

WASHINGTON, March. 6.—Grover Cleveland of New York, thrice nominated for president of the United States, and twice elected, was Saturday successfully inducted into that high office for his second term.

The proceedings at the Capitol followed a prescribed programme, issued by the committee of arrangements. The east doors of the senate wing of the Capitol were opened at 10 o'clock a. m. to those who were entitled to admission. The doors of the senate chamber were opened at 11 o'clock a. m. to the president and president-elect, who entered the senate wing by the bronze doors in the east front, each accompanied by a member of the committee of arrangements. The president went directly to the president's room and the president-elect to the vice president's room, where they remained until they entered the senate chamber.

The vice president-elect was accompanied to the capitol by a member of the committee of arrangements and proceeded to the vice president's room, where he remained until he entered the senate chamber, where the oath of office was administered to him by the vice president. After the organization of the new senate under the call for an extra session was completed by the swearing in of the members-elect, those assembled in the senate chamber proceeded through the rotunda to the platform on the central portico of the Capitol. On reaching the portico the president and president-elect took the seats reserved for them, the chief justice on the right and the sergeant-at-arms of the senate on their left.

The Inaugural Address.

Mr. Cleveland then arose, and turning to the vast audience he said:

MY FELLOW CITIZENS: In obedience to the mandate of my countrymen I am about to dedicate myself to their service under the sanction of a solemn oath. Deeply moved by the expression of confidence and personal attachment which has called me to this service, I am sure my gratitude can make no better return than the pledge I now give before God and these witnesses of unreserved and complete devotion to the interests and welfare of those who have honored me. I deem it fitting on this occasion, while indicating the opinions I hold concerning public questions of present importance, to also briefly refer to the existence of certain conditions and tendencies among our people which seem to menace the integrity and usefulness of their government. While every American citizen must contemplate with the utmost pride and enthusiasm the growth and expansion of our country, the sufficiency of our institutions to stand against the rudest shocks of violence, the wonderful thrift and enterprise of our people, and the demonstrated superiority of our free government, it behooves us to constantly watch for every symptom of insidious infirmity that threatens our national vigor. The strong man who in the confidence of sturdy health courts the sternest activities of life and rejoices in the hardihood of constant labor, may still have lurking near his vitals the unheeded disease that dooms him to sudden collapse.

Our National Health.

It cannot be doubted that our stupendous achievements as a people and our country's robust strength have given rise to a heedlessness of those laws governing our national health which we can no more evade than human life can escape the laws of God and nature. Manifestly, nothing is more vital to our supremacy as a nation and the beneficent purposes of our government than a sound and stable currency. Its exposure to degredation should at once arouse to activity the most enlightened statesmanship; and the danger of depreciation in the purchasing power of the wages paid to toil should furnish the strongest incentive to prompt any conservative caution. In dealing with our present embarrassing situation as related to this subject, we will be wise if we temper our confidence and faith in our national strength and resources with the frank concession that even these will not permit us to defy with impunity the inexorable laws of finance and trade. At the same time in our efforts to adjust differences of opinion, we should be free from intolerance or passion, and our judgments should be unmoved by alluring phrases and unvexed by selfish interests. I am confident that such an approach to the subject will result in prudent and effective remedial legislation. In the meantime, so far as the executive branch of the government can intervene, none of the powers with which it is invested will be withheld, when their exercise is deemed necessary to maintain our national credit or avert financial disaster.

Another Danger.

Closely related to the exaggerated confidence in our country's greatness which tends to a disregard of the rules of national safety, another danger confronts us not less serious. I refer to the prevalence of a popular disposition to expect from the operation of the government especial and direct individual advantages. The verdict of our voters, which condemned the injustice of maintaining protection for protection's sake, enjoins upon the people's servants the duty of exposing and destroying the brood of kindred evils which are the unwholesome progeny of paternalism. This is the bane of Republican institutions and the constant peril of our government by the people. It degrades to the purposes of wily craft the plan of rule our fathers established and bequeathed to us as an object of our love and veneration. It perverts the patriotic sentiment of our countrymen and tempts them to a pitiful calculation of the sordid gain to be derived from their government's maintenance. It undermines the self-reliance of our people and substitutes in its place dependence upon government favoritism. It stifles the spirit of true Americanism and stupefies every ennobling trait of American citizenship. The lessons of paternalism ought to be unlearned and the better lesson taught that while the people should patriotically and cheerfully support their government its functions do not include the support of the people.

Leads to a Challenge.

The acceptance of this principle leads to a refusal of bounties and subsidies, which burden the labor and thrift of a portion of our citizens to aid ill advised or languishing enterprises in which they have no concern. It leads also to a challenge of wild and reckless pension expenditure, which overleaps the bounds of grateful recognition of patriotic service and prostitutes to vicious uses the people's prompt and and generous impulse to aid those disabled in their country's defense. Every thoughtful American must realize the importance of checking at its beginning any tendency in public or private station, to regard frugality and economy as virtues which we may safely outgrow. The toleration of this idea results in the waste of the people's money by their chosen servants and encourages prodigality and extravagance in the home life of our countrymen. Under our scheme of government the waste of public money is a crime against the citizen and the contempt of our people for economy and frugality in their personal affairs, deplorably saps the strength and sturdiness of our national character. It is a plain dictate of honesty and good government that public expenditures should be limited by public necessity, and that this should be measured by the rules of strict economy; and it is equally clear that frugality among the people is the best guaranty of a contented and strong support of free institutions.

Civil Service Reform.

One mode of the misappropiation of public funds is avoided when appointment to office, instead of being the rewards of partisan activity, are awarded to those whose efficiency promises a fair return of work for the compensation paid to them. To secure the fitness and competency of appointees to office and to remove from political action the demoralizing madness for spoils civil service reform has found a place in our public policy and laws. The benefits already gained through this instrumentality and the further usefulness it promises, entitle it to the hearty support and encouragement of all who desire to see our public service well performed, or who hope for the elevation of political sentiment and the purification of political methods. The existance of immense aggregations of kindred enterprises and combinations of business interests formed for the purpose of limiting production and fixing prices, is inconsistent with the fair field which ought to be open to every independent activity. Legitimate strife in business should not be superseded by an enforced concession to the demands of combinations that have the power to destroy; nor should the people to be served lose the benefits of cheapness, which usually results from wholesome competition. These aggregations and combinations frequently constitute conspiracies against the interests of the people, and in all their phases they are unnatural and opposed to our American sense of fairness.

Equality Before the Law.

To the extent that they can be reached and restrained by federal power the general government should relieve our citizens from their interference and exactions. Loyalty to the principles upon which our government rests positively demands that the equality before the law, which it guarantees to every citizen, should be justly and in good faith conceded in all parts of the land. The enjoyment of this right follows the badge of citizenship wherever found, and unimpaired by race or color, it appeals for recognition to American manliness and fairness. Our relations with the Indians located within our borders impose upon us responsibilities we can not escape. Humanity and consistency require us to treat them with forbearance, and in our dealings with them to honestly and considerately regard their rights and interests. Every effort should be made to lead them through the paths of civilization and education to self-supporting and independent citizenship. In the meantime, as the nation's wards, they should be promptly defended against the cupidity of designing men and shielded from every influence or temptation that retards their advancement. The people of the United States have decreed that on this day the control of their government in its legislative and executive branches shall be given to a political party pledged in the most positive terms to the accomplishment of tariff reform. They have thus determined in favor of a more just and equitable system of federal taxation.

Without Vindictiveness.

The agents they have chosen to carry out their purposes are bound by their promises not less than by the command of their masters, to devote themselves unremittingly to this service. While there should be no surrender of principle, our task must be undertaken wisely and without vindictiveness. Our mission is not punishment, but the rectification of wrongs. If, in lifting burdens from the daily life of our people, we reduce inordinate and unequal advantages too long enjoyed, this is but a necessary incident of our return to right and justice. If we exact from unwilling minds acquiescence in the theory of an honest distribution of the funds of governmental beneficience treasured up for all, we but insist upon a principle which underlies our free institutions. When we tear aside the delusions and misconceptions which have blinded our countrymen to their condition under vicious tariff laws we but show them how far they have been led away from the paths of contentment and prosperity. When we proclaim that the necessity for revenue to support the government furnishes the only justification for taxing the people, we announce a truth so plain that its denial would seem to indicate the extent to which judgment may be influenced by familiity with perversions of the taxing power; and when we seek to reinstate the self-confidence and business enterprise of our citizens by discrediting an abject dependence upon governmental favor we strive to stimulate those elements of American character which support the hope of American achievement.

Great Responsibility.

Anxiety for the redemption of the pledges which my party has made and solicitude for the complete justification of the trust the people have reposed in us, constrain me to remind those with whom I am to co-operate that we can succeed in doing the work which has been especially set before us only by the most sincere, harmonious and disinterested effect. Even if insuperable obstacles and opposition prevent the consummation of our task we shall hardly be excused; and if failure can be traced to our fault or neglect we may be sure the people will hold us to a swift and exacting accountability. The oath I now take to preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States, not only impressively defines the great responsibility I assume, but suggests obedience to constitutional commands as the rule by which my official conduct must be guided. I shall to the best of my ability, and within my sphere of duty, preserve the constitution by loyally protecting every grant of federal power it contains, by defending all its restraints when attacked by impatience and restlessness and by enforcing its limitations and reservations in favor of the states and the people.

The New Cabinet.

Fully impressed with the gravity of the duties that confront me; mindful of my weakness, I should be appalled if it were my lot to bear unaided the responsibilities which await me. I am, however, saved from discouragement when I remember that I have the support and counsel and co-operation of wise and patriotic men who will stand at my side in cabinet places or will represent the people in their legislative halls. I find also much comfort in remembering that my countrymen are just and generous and in the assurance that they will not condemn those who by sincere devotion to their service deserve their forbearance and approval. Above all, I know there is a supreme being who rules the affairs of men and whose goodness and mercy have always followed the American people; and I know he will not turn from us now if we humbly seek his powerful aid.

On the conclusion of the address the members of the senate, preceded by the sergeant-at-arms, vice president and secretary, returned to the senate chamber, and the president, accompanied by the committee of arrangements, proceeded to the executive mansion.

The parade of Saturday was greater in numbers and more imposing in military and civic display than that of any previous inauguration. General Martin F. McMahon of New York, was grand marshal.

HOMESTEAD POISONING CASE.

Judge Stowe Passes Sentence on the Convicted Participants.

PITTSBURG, March 6.—In the criminal court Saturday morning Judge Stowe passed sentence on the convicted participants in the Homestead poisoning case as follows: Dempsey and Beatty each seven years; Gallagher five years, and Davidson three years in the penitentiary.

Made an Assignment.

ST. LOUIS, March 6.—The MacMurry-Sudge Architectural Iron company made an assignment Monday afternoon in favor of the Mississippi Valley Trust company. Liabilities, $140,000; assets not stated.

Senator from Montana.

HELENA, March 6.—Governor Richards Saturday appointed Lee Mantle of Butte United States senator. Mantle is at present mayor of Butte and was the last caucus nominee.

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

Saunderson and Redmond Almost Come to Blows.

FINALLY SEPARATED BY FRIENDS.

Exciting Scene in the Lobby of the British House of Commons—Vessels Lost and Sailors Drowned in a Hurricane Off the Coast of Madagascar—Soldiers and Citizens in a Fight—Old World News Notes of Interest.

LONDON, March 7.—When Colonel Saunderson, the grand master of Orangemen and member of parliament for North Armagh, denounced the Irish home rule members last Thursday as defenders of criminals, William Redmond, Parnellite member for East Clare, challenged Colonel Saunderson to repeat the words outside the house. Colonel Saundersou offered to repeat the words anywhere, and after the debate he wrote a note to William Redmond offering to repeat in the lobby what he had said. Monday evening Colonel Saunderson and Mr. Redmond encountered each other in the lobby. Mr. Redmond, going up to the colonel, said: "Do you accuse me and my colleagues of being murderers?" Colonel Saunderson, who, by the way, is not an Irishman, but a native of Scotland, coolly replied: "I know nothing of you personally, but I accuse the Irish party of conduct leading to murders."

Friends Interpose.

Both Redmond and Saunderson were angry and confronted each other in a pugilistic attitude. Peers from the house of lords and members of the house of commons gathered around in expectation of seeing the first blood in the threatened civil war between the Ulsterites and the rest of Ireland. Just as the two seemed about to fall in, friends came up and stepped between them, preventing the threatened blows. Colonel Waring, Conservative member for North Down and one of the strongest loyalist leaders in the north of Ireland, stood by Colonel Saunderson and succeeded in withholding him from shedding Parnellite gore, while James J. O'Kelly, a Parnellite and formerly member for North Roscommon, stood beside Redmond and restrained the aroused passions of the Irish champion.

May End in a Duel.

The lobby became rapidly crowded and the would-be combatants were hustled apart. Colonel Waring led Colonel Saunderson away to the library, Saunderson showing evidence of much excitement and anger. Mr. Redmond walked away from the scene, amid shouts of "They shall meet at Boyne," followed by cheers and laughter. Speaker Peel, hearing of the encounter between Mr. Redmond and Colonel Saunderson, ordered a police inspector to the scene, with instructions that he arrest the man who struck the first blow. The inspector appeared toward the end of the quarrel, and, after having warned both members of the nature of his instructions, waited to see what happened. It is reported that Colonel Saunderson has challenged Mr. Redmond to a duel on the continent.

TERRIFIC HURRICANE.

A Number of Vessels Go to the Bottom with Their Crews.

PARIS, March 7.—News of a hurricane at Tamatav, on the east coast of Madagascar, on Feb. 22, has been received. The wind came from the sea and first struck the island near the mouth of the bay. The Alsimo, a French ship, was stripped almost instantly of masts and rigging and a few minutes later went to the bottom with all on board. Five coasting vessels anchored within the harbor foundered almost simultaneously, and but ten men of their crew were saved.

Buildings Wrecked.

Four other coasters sank before the storm passed. In Tamatav the streets were swept clean of people and vehicles in a minute. Twenty-two of the best buildings in the place and a large number of huts were wrecked. The roof of the custom house was carried away and the walls were crushed in. The British consulate was demolished and sugar factories were leveled to the ground. Many lives were lost. Further details are lacking.

Marriage of May McClellan.

PARIS, March 7.—The civil marriage of Miss May McClellan, daughter of the late General George B. McClellan, to Paul Desprez, attache to the French legation at Washington, took place at the Marie of the Seventh arrondissement, in the Rue de Grenelle, Monday. The religious marriage was celebrated in the oratory of the Nunciature Tuesday. The witnesses for M. Desprez were M. Nisard of the ministry for foreign affairs and M. Bonnieres, his uncle, for Miss McClellan, the United States minister and General George H. Batchelor, ex-United States minister to Portugal.

Fired on by Troops.

PALERMO, March 7.—Troops were sent to Serra di Falco Sunday to preserve order during an election in progress there. The people of the town regarded the arrival of the troops as a threat and attacked the soldiers in the streets with stones and knives. After three soldiers had been struck down the commander gave the order to fire. The troops fired first over the heads of the rioters, but without frightening them. Two volleys were fired into the mob. Two men were instantly killed and many were wounded. The uninjured rioters fled without making any demonstration against the military.

Senator Morgan Improved.

SOUTHAMPTON, March 7.—The condition of Senator John T. Morgan, who is suffering from a slight attack of erysipelas at the Southwestern hotel here, has materially improved since Monday. He expects to be able to proceed to London in two or three days and will shortly after start for Paris to attend as one of the representatives of the United States the sessions of the Behring sea court of arbitration.

Geographical Problem Solved.

BRUSSELS, March 7.—A telegram received from one of the Congo state expeditions to Kajanga says that it has discovered the point where the Lukugan river, the outlet of Lake Tanaganyika, joins the Lualaba river. This discovery gives the solution to an interesting geographical problem, for the junction of these headwaters of the Congo is the beginning of the true Congo.

What Do You Propose, Uncle Sam?

ROME, March 7.—The Opinione says that Signor Brin, minister of foreign affairs, has requested the United States government confidentially that it formulate definite proposals before sending out notices of the reassembling of the Brussels monetary conference.

Refused to Establish Quarantine.

LONDON, March 7.—The legislative assembly of Jersey has declared by vote that quarantine is not preventive of cholera, and has therefore refused to establish a quarantine against vessels from ports alleged to be cholera infected.

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

A Number of Them Brought to New York by the Steamer Orizaba.

NEW YORK, March 7.—The steamer Orizaba, which has arrived here, brought the mate, steward and four sailors of the British brig Artos, which was bound from Ship Island for Colon and went ashore Feb. 27 at the Colorados. Also seven shipwrecked sailors of the Norwegian bark Runer, wrecked at Santa Cruz, Cuba, and the captain of the wrecked Norwegian bark Volkommen, which went ashore Jan. 30 at Goatzacolas, before reported. The Orizaba has on board a party of fifty persons, known as Australian publishers, who have been on a tour through Mexico. They embarked at Vera Cruz. None of the incoming steamers have any news of the Naronic and all report violent weather.

Pomeranian Arrives in Port.

The Allan line steamer Pomeranian, which left Glasgow, Feb. 18, arrived at this port Tuesday morning. On her previous sailing from Glasgow, Jan. 27, when 1,150 miles out she encountered terrible weather, a heavy sea sweeping over her decks, carrying away everything, the deck saloon, charthouse and bridge. Captain Dalziel was killed and eleven persons, including four passengers, were swept overboard and lost.

State Rights Case at Washington.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The fight between the Tillman administration in South Carolina, the United States courts and the railroad companies was transferred in part to the United States supreme court Monday, when D. A. Townsend, state's attorney general, submitted motions for leave to file petitions for writs of habeas corpus in behalf of M. W. Riser, M. V. Tyler and M. B. Gaines, sheriffs respectively of Newberry, Aiken and Anderson counties, S. C. These sheriffs seized the property of the Richmond and Danville and South Carolina Railroad companies for taxes—alleged by the roads to be unconstitutional—notwithstanding an injunction issued by United States Judge Simonton. They were arrested for contempt and now seek from the federal supreme court release on writs of habeas corpus.

His Scheme Didn't Work.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 7.—S. H. Buchanan, ex-treasurer of the board of trustees of the state insane asylum, has made a confession to the committee of Ewing presbytery appointed by the governor to investigate the charges of embezzlement preferred against him. Rev. Mr. Buchanan states that his stealing from the asylum treasury of $12,000 was actuated by a desire to purchase St. Johns college, a Masonic institution at Little Rock. He said the college property was worth about $30,000, and it was offered to him for $20,000. He intended to transfer it to a syndicate and thereby clear over $50,000.

For Public Printer.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—A dispatch to the New York World says that among the large number of candidates for the office of public printer from all parts of the country the principal one is Robert H. Deery of New York, who, it is said has strong backing in the labor organizations of the country. Mr. Deery, who is employed in an official capacity on one of the large morning papers, was asked as to his candidacy, but declined to say anything further than that he was an applicant for the position, with reasonable hopes of success.

Chicago Fire Gave Him a Bonanza.

UTICA, N. Y., March 7.—Louis de Villers Hoard was found dead in his bed at his home in Ogdensburg Saturday morning. For several years he was recorder of Cook county, Illinois, and from the nature of his business came into possession of the official copies of the records regarding a large portion of the real estate of Chicago. After the great fire, other records being destroyed, the city was obliged to use these copies, which put a fortune into Mr. Hoard's hands. This he spent mainly for the poor.

No Gambling in Oklahoma.

GUTHRIE, March 7.—In the lower house a reconsideration of the anti-gambling bill was moved, but Speaker Waggoner refused to put the motion. On an appeal, a motion prevailed voting Waggoner out of the chair, but he refused to go and said there were not enough men in the house to make him step out. He therefore prevented the reconsideration and the bill was signed by the governor. The measure makes any kind of gambling a felony, and even prohibits progressive euchre parties where prizes are offered.

Mother and Daughter Cremated.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., March 7.—Several men working in a field near Mount Juliet were attracted by screams from two women working in an adjoining field. They found Mrs. John W. Jones and her 15-year-old daughter burning to death. Their clothing was set on fire from a burning brush heap. Despite all the efforts of the men the women received such injuries that they died within a few minutes.

The Cyclone in Mississippi.

MERIDIAN, Miss., March 7.—Over three hundred families have been rendered homeless and destitute in two districts of Lauderdale county by Friday's cyclone. Reports from the farming districts are coming in slowly and reveal a distressing state of affairs. Two more of the injured at Toomsuba died Monday, making the total death list twenty-nine, so far as is known.

Gail Hamilton to Write Blaine's Biography

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The announcement is publicly made by Gail Hamilton (Miss Abigail Dodge) that with the co-operation of Mr. Blaine's family she is preparing a biography of the late James G. Blaine, but cannot yet say when it will be completed and issued.

Blown Up by Dynamite

ASHLAND, Wis., March 7.—Charles Ems was blown up in a dynamite explosion shortly before noon Monday. He still lives but is in a precarious condition. Five others stood around while he opened a can of dynamite. They were all more or less injured.

Burglars robbed the residence of the governor of Missouri.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

Events of the Week Given to the Reader in Condensed Form.

Jim Daly of Buffalo and E. L. Buchanan of Boston have signed articles for a finish fight for $1,000 and the largest purse offered.

Miss M. A. Moody will have served the city of Boston as a teacher fifty-one years in March. There is one teacher in the city who has served longer.

The Baltimore caterer who is to furnish the terrapin for the inaugural supper at Washington on the evening of March 4 has contracted to furnish 1,000 pounds.

The Booth Sanitarium building at Ashland, Wis., was sold at sheriff's sale for $8,137. It cost $30,000.

Cay Anderson and Miron Powell, two boys of Marshfield, Wis., were sent to the reform school for robbing a candy store.

The Pacific Short Line bridge, begun three years ago at Sioux City, Ia., and suspended by financial reverses, is to be completed at once, 250 men now being employed on the work.

Michael Flynn committed suicide at Lima, O., by throwing himself in front of a Pennsylvania railroad engine.

* * *

Governor McKinley, while expressing his gratitude, has refused contributions from his friends designed to relieve him of his financial distress.

Orangemen in Canada are preparing to send men and money to Ireland in case the home rule bill becomes a law. Members of the order in Australia are also to take part in the conflict.

Judge S. C. Hastings of San Francisco, who died the other day at the age of 79, left an estate valued at about $3,000,000. He was the state's first chief justice and afterwards attorney general.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Women's association held at Harrisburg the best methods of securing women's suffrage and the extension of equal rights were discussed. Miss M. Hindman and Rev. Anna Paw addressed a large audience, in which were many members of the legislature, in the house of representatives.

Greensburg, Ind., held an election for postmaster. S. F. Rogers, a well-known business man was elected.

* * *

Mrs. Thomas McQueen of Elkhart, Ind., has just brought suit against the city for $10,000 for injuries received in a fall on the sidewalk.

The president has recognized Charles Hutchinson as consul general of Greece at Chicago.

Richard Williams, a horse dealer of Des Moines, Ia., was killed in a runaway.

A snowplow struck A. Thompson and his son near Paynesville, Mich., killing Thompson and probably fatally injuring his son.

Lena White, betrothed of W. Goeltz, has fled from Ashland, Wis., with considerable property claimed by her finance, and officers are looking for her with warrants.

John M. Ball, aged 60, committed suicide at Lebanon, Ind. He had been mayor of the town. Bad health is assigned as the cause of the act.

The Rev. W. A. Buttons, chancellor of the Oklahoma university, has been arrested at Guthrie charged with using the mails to defraud.

William H. Orphwood, master of finances of Marion, Ind., lodge K. of P., is missing and the officers of the lodge claim that he is delinquent.

* * *

J. U. Barnes of Minneapolis and others have asked permission to start a national bank at Wadena, Minn.

Secretary Noble will return to his home in St. Louis as soon as possible after being relieved by the incoming secretary. He will at once resume the practice of law.

At Pana, Ills., Roy Behymer, 13 years old, found a powder can containing a quantity of powder, which he ignited. An explosion followed and Roy and 8-year-old sister were badly burned.

Of the 300 girls who have been educated by George W. Childs, he says that the teachers and nurses and the graduate of law and medicine have all been very successful.

The paper makers of the Fox and Wisconsin river valleys will meet at Appleton, Wis., and form a combine.

William McLaughlin, a young married painter, died suddenly at Monmouth, Ill., from symptoms that indicated arsenical poisoning.

N. Maxwell was found lying dead in a granary on his farm near Beatrice, Neb. Heart disease is thought to have caused death. Lester Maxwell of Chicago is a son of the deceased.

* * *

Frank Reniff was killed by a switch engine on the Lake Shore road at Norwalk, O.

The wife of Chief Justice Rothrock of the Iowa supreme court has been stricken with paralysis at Los Angeles, Cal.

A verdict of $2,500 was awarded Joseph Kinsey in Bloomington, Ills., against Charles Razor as damages for assault.

The jail at Greene, Ia., in which captured liquors were stored, was fired by an incendiary.

John Kirk shot and killed his brother-in-law, Luther Smith, at Vincennes, Ind., as a result of domestic trouble.

Wisconsin's colossal World's fair monolith is likely to remain at its quarry, for the legislature don't see its way clear to order $25,000 spent to move the shaft to Chicago.

Four members of the next cabinet are directors of either banks or railroads, or both, namely, Bissell, Olney, Lamont, and Smith.

Charles F. Wishart won the oratorial contest at Monmouth college, and will be its representative at the Illinois interstate collegiate contest.

* * *

Governor Crounse of Nebraska has issued a proclamation quarantining certain districts against Texas fever. It goes into effect March 10.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad company is surveying a line from Ida Grove, Ia., via Maville, to a junction with the Sioux City and Pacific at Sargent's Bluff.

Mr. Solomon is under arrest at Lincoln, Ills., for selling postage stamps to business men. He had a large quantity in his possession, and it is believed they were stolen.

Over 600 converts embraced religion at Springfield, O., owing to the Chapman revival.

George Kennan, the well-known Siberian traveler, who has been ill for three weeks at his home in Washington, of typho-malarial fever, is now convalescent.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is going to write an original play on an American subject.

Public and parochial schools at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., are closed on account of diphtheria.

LEGISLATION FOR ILLINOIS.

The Solons Are Doing Something, But Not Hurrying.

SPRINGFIELD, March 2.—The "sweat-shop" committee has submitted a report stating that the system is productive of moral and physical wretchedness to thousands of men, women and children in the state of Illinois; that it spreads infectious and contagious diseases throughout the land, and that its existance is detrimental to the health and welfare of the public. Two bills are reported. One provides that upon each article made in a "sweat-shop" shall be affixed a tag not less than two inches in length, bearing the name of the institution at which the article was manufactured.

The other bill provides "that no room or rooms, apartment or apartments in any tenement or dwelling house used for eating or sleeping purposes" shall be used for the manufacture of sweat-shop articles. The board of health is empowered, in case of the discovery of disease, to take whatever action it may deem necessary. The bill further provides that no child under 14 years of age shall be employed; that no female shall be employed more than eight hours per diem, such hours to be posted in a conspicuous place. Besides the above the shops are made the object of regular inspections by state officials.

In the house yesterday Merritt could not get a two-thirds vote in favor of considering a resolution to permit Henry George to expound his single tax theories in the representatives' chamber, the vote being 66 to 65. A favorable report was received on the bill to prohibit winter racing, which also provides that race tracks shall pay 15 per cent. of their gross receipts into the state school fund. A report on the proposed whisky trust favored a committee of seven to investigate and was adopted 100 to 17. A lot of bills were introduced.

In the senate the bill permitting any person to sue an insurance company in the county in which the suing party resides was passed, as was the bill to allow the supreme court a stenographer. A communication from the governor inclosed a bill embodying the Torrens idea for a land transfer system. A bill was passed requiring that a majority of the directors of special charter railways shall reside in counties along the line of the railways.

SPRINGFIELD, March 3.—Governor Altgeld sent a letter to the legislature yesterday asking for $250,000 to buy tools for convicts and an additional $100,000 for an emergency. The following nominations were sent to the senate yesterday and confirmed: Geo. P. Bunker, of Chicago, chief inspector of grain for that city; Charles E. Oxt, of Odell, member board deaf and dumb institute trustees; also William Eppinger, of Jacksonville, and Joseph E. Parrish, of Paris. Bills were ordered to third reading: To close polls at all places outside Cook county at 7 instead of 5 o'clock; providing a voting booth for every seventy-five voters instead of 100. The bill against Pinkertons and alien special policemen and deputies was sent back to second reading for amendment.

Bills were passed rapidly, the following among them: Giving Cook county one more registration day; prohibiting any corporation from doing a building and loan association business unless incorporated; requiring insurance fees in the auditor's office to be covered into the treasury; prohibiting the killing of Mongolian pheasants for five years. A number of bills were introduced.

In the house a resolution for a joint committee to draft a new revenue code was sent to the judiciary committee. None introduced bills regulating how gas companies must put pipes in the streets and requiring evidence of correctness of meter before a customer can be made to pay. All the appropriation bills were disposed of on second reading, and a lot of bills were read the first time. Then about ninety more bills were read a second time.

SPRINGFIELD, March 4.—The senate yesterday made the resolution to put the Western Military academy at Alton under national guard inspection the special order for next Wednesday. A joint resolution was introduced requiring all institutions supported in part or in whole by state funds to pay wages of employes weekly. The bill regulating life insurance companies was ordered to third reading, as was that requiring insurance companies doing business in this state to have resident agents. Consideration of the bill requiring fire insurance companies to pay full amount of policy in case of total loss was choked off by adjournment to Monday.

SPRINGFIELD, March 7.—There was no quorum in either house of the legislature yesterday and no business was done.

Two Freshmen Hazed.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 6.—J. C. Underwood and E. G. Pitblado, freshmen at Trinity college, were hazed with such rigor Saturday morning that serious consequences are likely to result to them and their persecutors. At 3 o'clock Saturday morning they were dragged out of bed and compelled to sit down in turn in a punch bowl full of ice wate and snow and then imitate rowing a boat. They were further soaked with cold water by wet towels which they were compelled to throw at each other. Four oak doors were broken and nearly all the windows in the suite of rooms occupied by the freshmen. The faculty may take decisive measures in the matter.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'

Mrs. Paisley.

I was badly affected with Eczema and Scrofula Sores, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the eyelids so sore it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 11, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle-sts—James O'Neill in "Fontenelle."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Francis Wilson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Aristocracy."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The White Squadron."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Ensign."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Masked Ball."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"A Fair Rebel."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Voodoo."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

IRELAND IN ROME.

The Irish pilgrims have been given an enthusiastic reception in the Eternal city. The pope has welcomed them to the shrine of St. Peter, and expressed himself in terms of the highest praise of Ireland—a country, which, by the by, deserves far more compliments at the hands of his Holiness than England does; for, while Ireland remained steadfastly loyal to Rome in days of the direst persecution—despite fire and sword, the prison cell and the gallows-tree, exile and outlawry, Albion in the person of Henry VIII. broke loose from the Vatican and has since then been one of the strongest citadels of Protestantism.

One of the red letter days in the calendar of the pilgrims was that in which they heard mass recently in the Church of St. Agatha, a sacred edifice attached to the Irish College. Cardinal Logue was the arch-priest of the occasion. When the religious services were over, that venerable ecclesiastic, Monsignor Kirby, ascended the pulpit, and treated the congregation of his fellow-countrymen to a brief historical record of the church, and in conclusion drew the attention of the pilgrims to the monument containing the heart of O'Connell, which is placed in the aisle, and which was draped with hangings of green and gold. Mgr. Kirby, who held the post of rector of the Irish College for over half a century, is a nonegenarian. He has spent seventy years of his checkered career amid the seven hills of Rome. He has been priest, professor, president, and prelate under the regime of no less than four successive pontiffs. He has been in a sense Ireland's representative at the Vatican for the last five decades of the present century. It may be interesting to note, moreover, that he was professor of the Irish College at a time when Francis Mahony, who was afterwards, well known in the world of letters as Father Prout, was a student within its precincts. The Monsignor still remembers that languid sultry day in the far away past when Prout scribbled on the walls of his cell the immortal lines in which he enshrined the glory of the "Shandon Bells." Dr. Kirby, it may be added, was honored some years ago by Leo XIII. with the position of domestic chamberlain to the Vatican, and the titular distinction of Archbishop of Ephesus *in partibus infidelium.*

On the conclusion of the prelate's remarks the alumni of the college presented an address in the Erse language to Cardinal Logue, congratulating that ecclesiastic on the dignity which had been recently conferred upon him by the Pope. The cardinal in reply expressed his pleasure at seeing so many pilgrims—true children of St. Patrick—around him in the Eternal city. On the following day the pilgrims attended mass at the Church of St. Clement, which is served by the Irish Dominican monks, one of whom, since deceased, was a brother of the late lamented Irish poet, John Locke. On the same day Cardinal Logue was inducted into his titular church—that of Santa Maria della Pace—where he was presented with an address from the local clergy.

Among the many monuments to Ireland's past in Rome, which were visited by the Irish pilgrims, may be mentioned the church of St. Peter in Montorio, where the ashes of O'Neill and O'Donnell, the brave and patriotic chiefs of Ulster, repose quite close to the spot where the first of Christ's successors was crucified, and where the dead dust of Dante's Beatrice lies enshrined; the church of San Isidore, where the celebrated Luke Wadding and a daughter of John Philpot Curran are buried, and sundry other temples containing tombs sacred to the memory of Irish scholars and ecclesiastics. Amid such scenes the Irish pilgrims will not, for the time being, be wholly in exile. They will always be enabled to catch glimpses, so to speak, of their native land on the classic banks of the yellow Tiber.

The Peter's pence brought by the pilgrims to the Pope amount to the sum of $50,000, of which Dublin alone subscribed almost $10,000. Last week an address of the Irish people to the Pontiff, to which more than a million signatures were attached, was laid at the feet of his Holiness. Among the Irish public officials at present in Rome is Alderman Roche, Mayor of Cork, who is accredited to the Vatican as representative of the city and corporation of Cork. Not for years has there been such a large assemblage of Irishmen in the Eternal city as there is now. The Corso is ringing day by day to the echoes of the mellifluous brogue of a thousand and odd sons of the old sod.

THE IRISH LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

It has not been noticed by any of our contemporaries that the word "parliament," implying an Irish legislature, does not occur in the text of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill. That astute statesman did not, perhaps, care to use such an expression lest it might scare away from his side some of his more timid and moderate followers. What he purposes bestowing on Ireland are a council and an assembly. The Irish upper house is termed the legislative council and the lower the assembly. THE CITIZEN, however, would not object to these titles if the legislatures they represent were real, live, and independent factories for the free and unshackled manufacture of laws for the country. What it objects to in the whole plan—among other objections which must be left for future consideration—is the undemocratic and practically useless character of the upper house. Senates or upper houses in most constitutionally governed nations are either ornamental figureheads, or else drags on the progress of popular legislation. The French senate is a collection of parchment-skinned, bald-pated, and senile oddities whose proper places should be on the shelves of an historical museum, and not on the benches of a parliamentary chamber. The titled drones and imbeciles, who yawn throghout drowsy debates in the English house of Lords, are but the sorry relics of a feudal age—toothless, hairless, old-fashioned cronies for the most part, whose political extinction is as sure as that tomorrow's sun will rise. The Italian senate is another exhibit, so to speak, of unprogressive fogeydom. Even our own senate, composed partly though it is of intellectual luminaries, is not a necessity in the political administration of the United States. The march of modern ideas, and the onward rush of the tide of democracy have contributed to render upper parliamentary chambers so many grinning anachronisms in this age of enlightenment and equality.

Gavan Duffy in a recent interview is reported to have said that it is idle to assert that upper houses are weak and have no stamina in them. If decrepitude be strong, and if driveling feebleness have any stamina in its makeup, then Duffy is right in his assertion. Since the ex-editor of the *Nation* secured a handle to his name, he looks on the political arena through what we may be permitted to call aristocratic spectacles. The fiery publicist of '48 became, after he was dubbed a knight, a conservative patriot in many respects. Despite his opinion, the reign of senates all the world over is destined to come to an end at no very distant date in the coming century.

EMIGRATION AND IMMIGRATION.

An English jingoist, named James Lowther, who once held an official post in the Salisbury cabinet, is indignant at the wholesale immigration of alien paupers into Britain. He accuses our government of conniving at such a nuisance, for he states that when destitute immigrants were sent back from America to their homes, they were not taken back to Russia, or wherever their native country may be, but they were landed in Liverpool. "The soil of England must not be polluted by such vermin!" exclaimed Mr. Lowther, speaking to his fellow M.P's, in ringing accents that evoked the loudest cheers from his friends and colleagues, most of whom are of the opinion that the tight little island they inhabit is holy ground all the way from Lands End to John O'Groat's. He accordingly proposed that a bill be passed putting a stop to such wanton desecration. In the debate which followed, Sir Charles Dilke demolished the sophistries of Mr. "Jeames," and proved beyond yea or nay that England was the largest exporting country of paupers in the world. England, therefore, added the baronet, has no right to close her gates against the paupers of alien nationalities. Dilke was quite correct in asserting that England supplies the world with the largest quantity of destitute outcasts. The United States and Canada have been the dumping ground for such refuse. THE CITIZEN is no supporter of a policy that would forbid paupers to land on this free soil of ours simply because they were paupers. Poverty is no crime, neither is it a disgrace. Poor men may be better and more edifying members of society—if they got a chance to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows—than many of our millionaires. It is the paupers who are soiled with the stain and stigma of crime who should not be allowed shelter or hospitality under the Stars and Strips—the sordid and squalid scum of the London slums, the midnight burglars, and wife-whackers of Whitechapel, who, having served their sentences in English prisons, are shipped across the Atlantic to swell the number of criminals on this continent. The inspector of Canadian penitentiaries suggested on a recent occasion that importation into the Dominion ought to be controlled on the ground that Canada is already literally swarming with cockney sneak-thieves expatriated from England by philanthropic British organizations. Many of these thieves cross the frontier into Uncle Sam's territory after they have squeezed the Canadian orange for all it is worth. Some of them are members of the blue-nose societies that seek to fan the flame of bigotry in our midst. Our government should devise methods and means to stamp out the immigration of such varlets into this country.

AN ENGLISH LORD AND AMERICAN SNOBS.

American magazines are not yet done with Tennyson. He has been dead for nearly six months, but they still keep publishing portraits of him, and giving extracts from his poetry. It may be safely said that no American poet ever died, of whom so much has been written in American periodicals.

It seems strange why so much has been said in American publications about Tennyson. If he had been a really great poet, like Byron or Moore, one could understand why Americans would take great interest in him; but his most ardent admirers would not dare to say that his poetry was in any way comparable with that of Byron or Moore. It is generally acknowledged that it was solely owing to the lack of poetic talent in Great Britain during his time, that Tennyson was enabled to make for himself a name, and that had he lived half a century earlier, in the epoch of Byron, Moore, Scott and others, he would hardly have been able to make himself known as a poet, and would probably have had to make a living by some other means than by his pen.

If Tennyson had been a lover of America or of republican institutions, one could understand the American craze about him. In spite of his generally moral life, and in spite of his respectability, he was well known as the very strongest upholder of monarchic and aristocratic institutions. He not only loved them, but he hated anything and everything that was opposed to them. He hated America, he hated France, and he hated Ireland; he hated everything that was not aristocratic and that was not English. In all his works there is not a word about liberty. In his "Morte d'Arthur" he had a noble opportunity to utter noble thoughts about political liberty, for the hero of the poem, mythic though he may be, is about the only name among the Ancient Britons that has come down to us as a defender of his country against the cruel and barbarous Saxons. But Tennyson wasted whatever poetical sentiment or power he had, in love episodes instead of eulogies on the blessings of liberty.

The fact is that this nauseating laudation of Tennysyn which American magazines have been dosing us with for months, is simply horrible and disgusting, and one is irresistibly driven to the conclusion that it is because he was an aristocrat, a hater of republicanism, and above all, because he was a lord, that the snobocracy of America have honored his memory so much.

It is only about ten or twelve years since Longfellow died, and a majority of the readers of THE CITIZEN can remember as far back as that. They must know that for the one article that was written in magazines about Longfellow, there have been five written about Tennyson, and that for the one portrait of the former that appeared in them, there have appeared five of the latter. Longfellow was a much greater poet than Tennyson, but then he was only an American and no lord; consequently the snobocratic editors of our magazines did not seem to be greatly moved by his death.

This toadying to England and to its aristocracy is one of the very darkest features of American "upper class" life. It shows plainly that we are beginning to have a class of people in this republic who long for the exclusive rights and social privileges enjoyed by the English aristocracy. Too many of our wealthy people are becoming every day more proud and more exclusive, and more given to ape the ways, manners, and even the accent of the English nobility. The fact is that England is re-conquering America by means of our snobs. If the want of patriotism and unmanliness of so many of our wealthy classes is not soon put a stop to, social and domestic troubles may in the near future do more towards the ruin of this republic than could be done by an armed coalition against it of half the monarchies of Europe.

MORAL OF THE MEATH ELECTIONS.

North and South Meath have once more voted the McCarthyite ticket. The Parnellite candidates, Messrs. Mahony and Dalton, were not—figuratively speaking—snowed under by a majority of anti-Parnellite votes. Their opponents—who were two political nonentities—won the day only by a very narrow margin; yet the victory was in itself sufficiently complete to merit attention, as it proves that the two constituencies in question have given it as their opinion that internal dissensions must be put a stop to, at any and every hazard. THE CITIZEN applauds this decision on the part of the Meath electors in favor of peace. Peace and unity among Irishmen are essential to the success of Home Rule. If McCarthyites and Redmondites were at daggers drawn over a question of principle, the present split in the ranks of Ireland's representatives might be excusable, as it would be intelligible; but in the case in point there is, so far as THE CITIZEN can see, no grave, if any, difference of opinion on the Home Rule bill between the followers of Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Redmond. Both parties have given in their adhesion to Mr. Gladstone's programme, in so far as it concerns the establishment of an Irish legislature, Mr. Redmond himself and several of his colleagues have criticised sharply, but at the same time justly, several of its provisions; but they are going to vote for its second reading all the same, just as the McCarthyites are about to do. Under these circumstances, what in the name of heaven prevents both sections uniting in one, and combining to improve and expand the clauses of this Home Rule bill? An internecine fight, in which no principle is involved, is not only ridiculous but puerile; and the sooner it is suspended the better. In face of the common foe—the brutal Tory and the Orange fanatic—it would be nothing short of treason for the Irish members to continue their petty feuds and quarrels any further—now that an important crisis has been reached in the Anglo-Irish struggle.

There will be plenty of room for Radical members of the Redmondite stamp in the proposed Irish parliamentary assembly when that chamber comes into existence. Let them join hands with their brother Irishmen to obtain such a legislature first, and they can afterwards, if they wish, reconstruct their party, and find good and effectual work to do in the future Irish house in criticising and opposing any Irish government of the day that may not be too anxious to pass laws in conformity with national aspirations. In other words THE CITIZEN would advise Mr. Redmond and his friends to bury their hatchets till they can rationally and reasonably use them in the halls of a native legislature.

MGR. SATOLLI'S CRITICS.

Mgr. Satolli has had since his advent in our midst to contend with two battalions of critics—those within and those without the Catholic fold. Several of our Catholic contemporaries were indiscreet enough to question the prelate's right to speak or act for the Pope. Undignified and frivolous language was used in comment on the Monsignor's attitude and decisions—language which, owing to the elevated character of the office he held, should never have been indulged in by Catholic writers. However, attacks from the editorial sanctums of Catholic newspapers have recently almost altogether ceased, consequent on the fact that the Monsignor has been publicly proclaimed by the Vatican the official representative of Leo XIII. in this country, and is authorized to act in his name in all disputes between hierarchy and clergy.

The second battalion of critics referred to is composed of unhealthy bigots who believe, or rather pretend to believe, that the papal delegate has dark designs on the constitution and integrity of the American Union. These imported patriots—most of the pestiferous gang are ex-Blue Noses who have never abjured their oath of allegiance to Victoria, and are not consequently American citizens—scent the odor of a Jesuit and the poison of a Satan in Mgr. Satolli's every word or deed. They bray their inane and puerile ideas from the very housetops, and warn the American people that Rome intends sooner or later to make the United States a vassalage of the Vatican. Shrieking idiots never uttered a more ridiculous cry than this is.

One of these lunatics, the Rev. Joseph Cook, speaking recently in Tremont Temple, Boston, called Satolli the Pope's echo, and a man of many masks. "Clericalism," he adds, "is now all the more dangerous, because it is massed as never before. Clerical Catholic rule means the rule of Roman Catholic Canon Law, and that law and the American Constitution contradict each other fundamentally. It is, therefore, evident that America could not be Romanized without being also denationalized."

This reverend firebrand knows as little of Catholic canon law evidently as a red Indian does of astronomy. The fact is that there is no connection whatever direct or indirect between canon law and our Constitution. One works in the purely spiritual, the other in the purely secular world; and there is no friction possible between both. Moreover our history records that the best Catholics can be and are the best Americans. Catholic blood was shed for our independence. Catholic blood sealed and cemented the Union. Catholics fought and bled for the States when Anglo-Canadians like the Rev. Cook were singing "God Save the Queen" in their cozy temples and meeting houses.

A PROMINENT and successful composer and band conductor now-a-days in London is Mr. J. M. Glover, a grandson of the famous editor of Moore's Melodies. Prof. Glover has been recently presented by his admirers with an ivory baton studded with diamonds.

LADY ABERDEEN has been recently visiting the South of Ireland for the purpose of collecting exhibits for the World's Fair. She was warmly received in Cork, Limerick, and other towns and cities. She was awarded quite an ovation at Baltimore, where a miniature reproduction of the Fishery school is being prepared for exhibition in Chicago

A NEPHEW of Marshal MacMahon, the Abbe de la Croix de Castries, is plaintiff in a case in which the French Government demands an indemnity of $100,000 from the Washington cabinet for the reverend gentleman for an alleged outrage which was perpetrated on him by the United States customs officials. No decision has as yet been come to in the matter.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech in Belfast was a medley of brag, bluster, and bunkum. His oratorical thunderbolts, aimed at the proposed Irish parliament, are the effete vaporings of an exploded windbag. The idea of this fat earl girding on his sword in defense of the Union is too ludicrous for comment. The Tory chief would make a sorry spectacle on a battlefield.

IRISH-AMERICANS are unrepresented in Cleveland's cabinet. Irish-American Democrats will, however, be pleased to learn that Judge Gresham was born on Patrick's Day.

THE Irish language is, according to latest statistics, making very poor progress. It appears that last year Irish was taught in forty-five schools, or in only four more than in the previous twelvemonth. It is a matter of congratulation, however, that the recent Gaelic works of Mr. O'Faherty and Dr. Hyde are now in the hands of Irish students.

HOKE SMITH is a queer name for a cabinet minister to carry about with him. Would any of our ecclesiastical readers kindly inform us if there be such a saint as Hoke on the calendar? Or is Hoke a pagan patronymic?

PUBLIC prayers have been offered up to God in the north of Ireland recently begging the Almighty to confound Mr. Gladstone and his followers, and save the country from the horrors of Home Rule. This is indeed a spectacle of piety run mad. These devotional lunatics should be taken proper care of. They may attempt to scale the wide heavens and storm their throne, if God should dare to allow a parliament to be established in Dublin—religious profanity is so very foolish at times.

THE Irish party continues its undemocratic policy of selecting members for Irish constituencies. The latest selection is that of Mr. J. F. Hogan, author of "The Irish in Australia" for Mid-Tipperary. Mid-Tipperary must, of course, after going through the farce of a convention, submit to the "choice" of the party's nominee.

Now that the four years of Grover are commencing to run, everybody must expect to find the country in clover in a short time from date. *Nous verrons.*

THE citizens of Limerick, his native city, are organizing a movement to present Mr. James Egan, ex-political prisoner, with a testimonial, the proceeds of which will enable him to make a new start in life. THE CITIZEN wishes the committee success.

MR. T.P.O'CONNOR, not having made his *Weekly* or *Sunday Sun* as triumphant a venture as the *Star*, is about to start an *Evening Sun* in London as soon as the date of his contract with the purchasers of the *Star* expires. T. P.'s journalistic brilliancy is temporarily under an eclipse.

MR. ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES, the author of "Father O'Flynn," is bringing out a new volume of "Irish Songs and Ballads," most of the airs of which are taken from Dr. Petrie's posthumous collection of Irish melodies.

THE lately deceased Louis Jennings, M.P., was one of a coterie of American "swells" who cultivated the English attire and accent, and, settling down in London, became—don't cher know?—more English than the English themselves. Other members of this clique are the brothers Bartlett—both loyal Tories—one of whom changed his American name to that of Burdett Coutts when he married the venerable baroness who was old enough to be his mother. America ought to be happy in having got rid of such turn-coats. They are a disgrace to the land that bore them.

GENERAL PATRICK A. COLLINS, of Boston, Mass., has been nominated by the President of the United States to the important and lucrative position of Consul General to London, Eng. His confirmation by the senate is a matter of certainty. General Collins was offered a cabinet position, but positively declined it. THE CITIZEN, while differing from Gen. Collins politically, respects him as a man of marked ability, and as one who has done much for the Irish cause, and congratulates him on his good fortune. He will succeed the Hon. John C. New, of Indiana.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN in a recent paper from his pen has given it as his opinion that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill appears to be "a noble and sufficient settlement of Irish national claims." William is easily satisfied. He is evidently pleased with his lollipop.

THE death is announced of Mrs. Elizabeth Ffrench, widow of the late Mr. N. J. Ffrench, of French Lawn, county Roscommon, and daughter of Daniel O'Connell. The remains of the deceased lady were interred in the O'Connell family vault at Darynane. Only one daughter of the great Irish tribune is now alive. The only child of his, who displayed more than average talent, was the late Mrs. Ellen Fitzsimmons whose poetry, though now forgotten, was at one time very much appreciated by the public. The direct descendants of the great Irishman are nobodies intellectually, besides being true-blue Tories politically.

ANOTHER '98 man has passed away in the person of John Molony, who died last month in Charleville, county Cork, at the patriarchal age of 109. At the age of 14 he became a soldier in the Irish cause. The veteran lost the use of his limbs some few weeks before his death, but retained full possession of his faculties to the end.

CARDINAL MORAN, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, will visit Chicago this year, and purposes taking part in the Catholic congress at the World's Fair. He will cross the Atlantic and pay his respects to the Pope, to whom he is the bearer of $15,000, the gift of the Catholics of his archdiocese. Although the Australian primate is a nephew of the late Cardinal Cullen, he did not share the conservative Irish views of the latter ecclesiastic. While he was Bishop of Ossory in Ireland, Cardinal Moran was an Irish Nationalist; and he is still of the same political faith. His Eminence is, moreover, an eminent and learned archæologist, being the best living authority on Ireland's ecclesiastical annals.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S forthcoming novel is to be entitled "Red Diamonds." He purposes later on adding a new volume to his "History of Our Own Times." Mr. McCarthy is in such feeble health lately that he may be soon compelled to give up the leadership of his party. In such an eventuality it is anticipated that his successor will be Mr. Edward Blake, the Irish-Canadian who is now M.P. for Longford.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Coriolanus," City—THE CITIZEN has no political axe to grind. It is affiliated to no political party. Its cardinal principles may be found in the Rights of Man or in the Declaration of Independence.

"T.O'C.," Kansas City—Controversies between Catholics on such a subject are unseemly, and tend to create scandal. The washing of soiled linen in public is a very disagreeable and foolish occupation to indulge in. Your letter is, moreover, too personal in tone for our columns.

"Shemus Dhu," Lowell, Mass.—Your political views are sound and reasonable, but it would not be quite opportune to give them publication just now.

"Corkonian," St. Louis—O'Neill Daunt, the patriotic patriarch of the South of Ireland, is still alive. He resides in Lileacan castle, county Cork. He is five or six years older than Gladstone.

"Inquirer"—Yes; Oliver Wendell Holmes is the author of the poem referred to.

Catholic Young Men's Socities.

A meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Societies was held in the Union Catholic Library rooms Tuesday evening. Rev. Father Conway was made chairman in the absence of Mr. Rafferty, and addressed the assemblage with his well known felicity. He was followed by Fathers Perry, Burelback, Byrne, and Schlkofsky. The following committee was appointed to devise ways and means to bring other societies into line: The five clergymen above mentioned, and Messrs. Doppenschmidt, Kelly, McGrady, Hyland, Schell, Rafferty, and O'Connor. This committee was also instructed to present a constitution for the government of the proposed union, at the next meeting, which will be held at 94 Dearborn street, Tuesday evening, March 21 at 8 o'clock. Societies and individuals desiring further information as to the union or its objects may address Jos. P. Rafferty, 79 Clark street, or James F. O'Connor, care the Hibernian Bank.

You Can Rely

Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates all impurity and tones and vitalizes the whole system.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

List of Aids Appointed by the Grand Marshal, Father M. O'Sullivan.

The Line of March—Place of Rendezvous—Other Matters in Connection With the Parade.

The Irish-American Council met at Fitzgerald's hall, Adams and Halsted streets, last Sunday afternoon, and completed all arrangements for the St. Patrick's Day parade, which promises to be larger than for many years.

THE AIDS.

Grand Marshal Father M. O'Sullivan has appointed the following aids: County Commissioner Michael J. Kelly, P. B. Flannigan, County Delegate, A. O. H.; L. Henely, State Delegate, A.O.H.; John F. Finerty, Fathers J. M. Cartan, J. C. McCormick, E. A. Murphy, J. P. Dore, P. A. Laughlin, James M. Scanlan, John Finn, James McGavick, Alexander McGavick, Lawrence Cunningham, D. J. McCaffery and W. Hackett; Major W.C. McClure, Col. F. T. Colby, Capt. John P. Coan, Lieut. John Beirne, Martin Mulcahey, P. O'Sullivan, Dr. O'Malley, J. F. Keating, P. J. Cahill, Capt. L. Buckley, William Webb, Hon. J. F. O'Malley, Hon. Joseph P. Mahoney, Hon. Michael McInerney, John J. Conroy, Daniel Corkery, Roger C. Sullivan, J. J. Mahoney, Commissioners James A. O'Connell, F. E. Coyle and Chas. Byrne; M. S. Hyland, E. E. S. Eagle, County Attorney James Maher, John Tobin, David McCann, John Mackin, Jr., John Murphy, County Agent Jas. E. O'Brien, Thomas Murphy, Ald. Wm. J. O'Brien, Ald. John Mahony, Ald. John J. Brennan, John P. Dohney, A. J. Ford, Capt. T. J. Ford, C. F. O'Brien, M. J. Keane, M. J. McCarthy, P. H. Tierney, Thomas H. Cannon, M. J. Lynn, Hon. W. H. Lyman, M. J. McCarthy, John F. O'Connor, Patrick Cummings, John G. O'Donnell, Frank Agnew, Dennis McCarthy, William J. Kelly, John Devlin, J. W. McCarthy, John Nugent, Timothy E. Ryan, James A. O'Brien, Edward Hayes, William Hearley, J. J. Sloan, Thomas McInerny, James McHale, William Gavin, F. O'Neill Jones, Con O'Donnell, Hugh Kelly, James H. Lynch, M. Brackin, J. Burke, John F. O'Brien, John Gillan, J. Hyland, John Toolen, M. J. Maloney, Frank McKeogh, John J. Lenord, Edward Hayes, Dr. McGrath, T. A. Beckett, Harry Fleming, Henry P. Carmody, J. P. Dougherty, Frank T. Nichols, Stephen Griffin, Rev. M. Curran, John C. Schubert.

LINE OF MARCH.

The procession will form in the vicinity of Desplaines and Randolph streets, and will move south on Desplaines to Jackson street, east on Jackson street to Michigan avenue, north on Michigan avenue to Washington street, west on Washington to Clark street, north on Clark to Indiana street, west on Indiana to Desplaines street, thence south on Desplaines to Washington street and disperse.

The column will move in the following order:

FIRST DIVISION.
Police.
Marshal and Aids.
Officers of Irish-American Council in carriages.
Hibernian Rifles.
Emmet Guards.
Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew.
Knights of St. Patrick.
Columbian Rifles.
Hibernian Benevolent Society.
Father Matthew T. A. & B. Society.
St. Pius Sodality.
Nativity Sodalities.
St. John's Mutual Benevolent Society.
St. Aloysius Sodality.
St. Pius T. A. & B. Society.

SECOND DIVISION.
Gaelic Athletic Association.
Ancient Order of Hibernians.

THIRD DIVISION.
Glan-na-Gael Guards.
Citizens on Foot.
Carriages.

PLACE OF RENDEZVOUS.

The societies participating in the parade will rendezvous as follows:

First Grand Division—M. J. Kelly in command.

Officers of Irish-American Council in carriages, on south side of Randolph street, fifty feet west of Desplaines street.

First and Second Battalions, Hibernian Rifles, Companies B, C, D, E, F, G, and H, on south side of Randolph street, 150 feet west of Desplaines street.

Emmet Guards, Companies A and B, northeast corner of Washington and Union streets.

Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, northwest corner of Washington and Union streets.

Knights of St. Patrick, on West side of Union street, south of Randolph street.

Columbian Rifles, southwest corner of Union and Randolph streets.

Hibernian Benevolent Society, on south side of Randolph street, west of Union street.

Father Matthew T. A. and B. Society, south side of Randolph street, 150 feet west of Union street.

St. Pius' sodality, northeast corner of Halsted and Randolph streets.

Nativity Sodalities, north side of Randolph street, 150 feet east of Halsted street.

St. John's Mutual Benefit Society, north side of Randolph street, west of Union street.

St. Aloysius' Sodality of St. Pius' Parish, northwest corner of Union and Randolph streets.

St. Pius' T. A. & B. Society, on west side of Union street, 150 feet north of Randolph street.

Second Grand Division—P. B. Flannigan in command:

Gaelic Athletic Association, Davitt, Emmet, and Grattan Clubs, on northeast corner of Randolph and Union streets.

Ancient Order of Hibernians, Divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 19, 23, 26, 29, 35, 36, and 37, on northwest corner of Randolph and Desplaines streets.

Third Grand Division—Senator Joseph P. Mahoney in command.

Clan-na-Gael Guards, Companies A and B, on northeast corner of Desplaines and Randolph streets.

All citizens not members of above societies will form on north side of Randolph street, east of Desplaines street.

Citizens in carriages, south side of Randolph street, west of Jefferson street.

The procession will move at 2 o'clock p. m. precisely. All societies desiring to participate in the parade are expected to be in the places assigned them at 1:30 o'clock p. m.

No carriages, except those carrying the colors of their respective societies, will be permitted in the parade other than in the place assigned them.

All aides to Grand Marshal will be expected to wear a chapeau, and red, white and blue sash, and gauntlet gloves.

The parade will be reviewed by his Grace the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan and clergy from St. Patrick's Rectory, Desplaines street, and by the mayor and members of the city council and county commissioners from the County Building, Washington and Clark streets.

M. O'SULLIVAN,
Grand Marshal.

EMMET'S MEMORY HONORED.

A Great Audience Commemorates the Sacrifice of the Young Hero-Martyr at Central Music Hall—The Proceedings.

Central Music Hall was crowded by the Irish Nationalists of Chicago and their friends on Saturday evening, March 4, in celebration of the 115th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet. It was a most creditable event, and the following programme was carried out agreeably to all who participated as well as to the audience:

Opening address, by Rev. John Finn; Violin Duo, Messrs. William Looney and James O'Connor; Song, selected, E. M. Cummings; Soprano solo, "Come Back to Erin," Miss Maggie L. Duggan; Recitation, "Erin's Flag," Miss Julia O'Callaghan; Baritone solo, "O'Donnell Aboo," Mr. J. J. Phelan; Address, Hon. John Gibbons; Song, "Ninety-Eight," Mr. R. E. Hardy; Trio, harps and piano, Misses Teresa Gavin, Mary Rice, D. B. Crysdale; Contralto solo, "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me," Miss Nellie Cahill; "Kathleen Mavourneen," Miss Eugenie Bayard; Song, "There Are Just as Good Men Come From Ireland Today," John Drumny; Closing ode, "God Save Ireland," Owen Ahern.

The Rev. Father Finn was introduced to preside, and delivered a highly patriotic and instructive address, in which he reviewed the Irish national movement during the last quarter of a century, and praised the devotion of the men who dared and sacrificed so much for the cause of human liberty. He advised them not to surrender the glorious old principle of independent Irish nationality, but to accept the Home Rule bill, satisfactorily amended, as an installment of the heavy debt England owes to Ireland and the Irish. The remarks of the reverend orator were cheered to the echo.

The singing of Messrs. Cummings, Harty and Phelan, and of Misses Maggie L. Duggan and Nellie T. Cahill was very enthusiastically recognized, and, in fact, all the numbers, vocal and instrumental, were well rendered. The address was read by Mr. J. J. O'Connell in a characteristically clear and spirited manner.

The Hon. John Gibbons delivered the oration on Emmet, which reviewed the career of the young hero, and the causes that led to his cruel failure, and more cruel fate in a scholarly manner. He also strongly upheld the Irish National principle and advised that Home Rule be accepted as a stepping stone to a higher national destiny for Ireland. Causes of the kind, Mr. Gibbons said, did not triumph in a day, a month or a year, but it was something to have the great principle of Irish self-government acknowledged by England's greatest modern statesman, and by a majority of the people of Scotland and Wales. He did not doubt that, eventually, England herself would be brought to see, in the majority sense, that concession was a safer policy to pursue than coercion. He concluded with a brilliant apostrophe to Emmet and the Irish cause and concluded amid prolonged applause. The proceedings then terminated.

CABLE NOTES.

GLADSTONE INSULTED.

LONDON, March 6.—Mr. Gladstone was subjected to a hostile demonstration in aristocratic Brighton yesterday. On leaving St. Paul's church in the morning with Lord Acton he found a large crowd outside, including a number of young Tory "bloods," who saluted him with vigorous booing, hissing, and cries of "Traitor." The Liberals present responded with cheers, and the tumult was heightened. Mr. Gladstone's passage was blocked until a cab was fetched, and he drove quickly away.

PETITION AGAINST HOME RULE.

DUBLIN, March 6.—In addressing the senate of the Dublin University today Lord Ashbourne said he was convinced that if the Home Rule bill should be passed Ireland would be thrown into a state of semi-bankruptcy and civil war. The senate voted to petition parliament against the passage of the bill.

MARRIED BY THE PAPAL NUNCIO.

PARIS, March 7.—The religious marriage ceremony uniting Miss May McClellan, daughter of the late Gen. George B. McClellan, with Paul Desprez, attache of the French legation in Washington, took place at 11 o'clock a. m. today at the nunciature, in the Rue de Grenelle. The papal nuncio officiated.

LIBERALS LOSE A SEAT.

LONDON, March 7.—The election held yesterday at Grimsby to fill the seat in parliament made vacant by the resignation of H. Jesse, Liberal, resulted in a victory for the Unionists and the loss of a seat for the Liberals. Edward Heneage, Liberal-Unionist, was elected by 4,427 votes, to 3,463 votes for Henry Broadhurst, Liberal. The election was one of the hardest fought since the general elections.

WILL MOVE TO REJECT HOME RULE.

LONDON, March 7—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Conservative member for the west division of Bristol, has given notice in the house of commons of his intention to move an amendment to reject the Home Rule bill. This amendment will probably be adopted at the Carleton Club meeting as the official amendment of the opposition.

THE AMERICAN LINE.

LONDON, March 7.—The lunch on board the steamship New York, of the new American line, today was a magnificent affair. The number of guests was 250 and included many distinguished men, among them ex-Secretary of State Foster, Minister Lincoln, Secretary of Legation White, Major Post, military attache of the American legation; Sir Charles Tupper, and dozens of Americans, as well as well-known Britons.

MEETING COMPETITION.

LIVERPOOL, March 7.—In view of the improvement of the Mersey bar the Cunard Steamship company have arranged to have their boats sail at a fixed hour Saturday afternoons, regardless of the tide. Consequently the tedious delays connected with the taking on of the mails at Queenstown will be obviated. The Cunard Company has also arranged to run a special express train between London and Liverpool so as to meet the competition of the American line, whose boats now dock at Southampton.

DIVISION 1, A. O. H.

On Sunday March 5, Div. 1, A. O. H., held a very enthusiastic meeting at their hall, 208 Blue Island avenue, at which was present a delegation from the County Board, consisting of Mr. P. B. Flannigan, county delegate, and Mr. John T. Keating, of Div. 36. Bro. Keating delivered an eloquent address, dwelling at length on the beautiful motto of the order—Friendship, Unity, and True Christian Charity—followed by P. B. Flannigan, who was no less eloquent and earnest. In his address he complimented the division on the good work they were doing, advised them to be true to the principles of the order and they would build up an organization that would redound to the honor of the Irish race, by making them better Irishmen, and better citizens of this free republic.

Several applications for membership were received, and seven new members initiated, among them were some who stood on the green hills of Erin, on that day twenty-six years ago, in that earnest but unsuccessful attempt to win for Ireland the liberty which is hers by right and inheritance, by the only argument that England ever listens to—the force of arms. The growth of Division 1, since its affiliation with the A. O. H. of America a few months ago, has been phenomenal. They are now compelled to secure larger quarters and in future will meet at Father Mathew Hall, on Taylor street, on the third Tuesday of each month.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The attendance of pupils last Sunday was numerous, and they were earnest in their efforts to master Joyce's Grammar. They have already passed through the primers Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and read for a test lesson the prose pieces that appear weekly in THE CITIZEN. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Finerty for giving so much space in his paper for the advancement of the cause of Irish literature; and certainly the serial now being printed therein is attractive, as it is one of the very best of Dr. Hyde's Gaelic "Fireside Stories." Vice-President O'Gallagher's transposition of the same is idiomatic and the orthography faultless. The grammar class has passed the moods and tenses of the verbs and is now far out in the declensions of the nouns.

I was asked a few days ago, "What has the Irish school done; what is it doing?" My answer was: It composed an article eighteen months since in Irish which appeared in the polyglot edition of the *Daily News*, "Why the World's Fair should be held in Chicago." It has educated the best sign-writer in the city—Mr. John O'Donohue, of 612 West Nineteenth street—to write the "Cath Ghettisburg" in Gaelic script on the rotunda where the painting is on exhibition, Wabash avenue and Hubard court, after Mr. Finerty obtained permission from the management to give the writing the same prominent position that was accorded to the other European languages.

Without the Gaelic class our revered archbishop would have been addressed in all the languages of Christendom except his own on the occasion of his jubilee, which would be an eternal blot on the Irish citizens of Chicago. It was the cause of the establishment of similar schools in Baltimore, St. Paul and Memphis. It has evoked the encomiums of the erudite scholar Mr. T. Winter Cronan, of Houston, Texas. Its praises have reached from Minneapolis to New Orleans and climbed the steeps of the Rocky Mountains to Denver; but although now twelve months in its rejuvenated existence and the teachers are well up in years, there is not sufficient enthusiasm among the people of Chicago to avail themselves of this, their last opportunity, to acquire a knowledge of the language of the saints, bards, heroes, athletes and sages of old, and they stand idly by while the grand key to all the oriental tongues expires in their midst, and this, too, when no charge is made for school room or tuition. Nach mor an naire e sin?

There will be an election of officers on Sunday, March 19, at which all members are requested to be present.

The class meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in City Clerk VanCleve's office, City Hall.

MAURICE CREAN, Secy.

Mr. O'Donnell's New Establishment.

Mr. Jeremiah O'Donnell has opened a new place of business at No. 608 Ogden avenue, where he will be happy to see all his old friends, and as many new ones as may choose to patronize him. There is room enough for all, and a "cead mille failte" into the bargain.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE NEW POLICE.

"30. The forces of the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan police shall when, and as local police forces are from time to time established in Ireland, in accordance with the sixth schedule of this act, be gradually reduced and ultimately cease to exist as mentioned in the schedule."

"Sixth Schedule. Such local police forces shall be established under such local authorities, and for such counties municipal boroughs, or other larger areas as shall be provided by Irish act."
—*New Home Rule Bill.*

Och, Barney dear, and did you read
The papers of today?
They're changing of the peelers
In the land beyant the say;
No more they'll batter down the homes
Nor pour the kerosene,
They'll be loyal but not royal,
And the crowned harp won't be seen.

Let us put our heads together,
And think out a thing or two;
Well trained to martial exercise,
Think what these men *might* do:
With the Green Flag waving o'er them,
As they press'd the Irish claim
At their country's call to arms,
In their hearts young Freedom's flame.

Didn't Proud Shane fight for England,
And Lord Edward do the same?
Still they fought and died for Ireland
When their country's moment came!
Underneath those dark green jackets
There are hearts both brave and bold,
And they'd fight, old man, for Ireland
As our heroes did of old.

Och! with rifles in their steddy grip
To back that Irish claim,
And the cruel foe fornint them,
God of Battle, send the same.
You may search the world over,
Aye, tramp it round and round,
And for fighting or peace-making
Better stuff could not be found.
And for fighting or pace-making
Better stuff could not be found.

There was "Murrough of the Burnings,"
And with mountains on his head,
Sure his last cry was for Ireland
From a dying sinner's bed.
It was want that caused these men to take
The heartless hireling's gold,
And human nature's very weak
When hunger has its hold.

Och, forgive the wrongs of bygone years,
"Let dead past care the dead,"
And learning from that bitter past
Be by wiser counsels led:
Poor Ireland's still our own Green Isle
And friendly still her shore,
And joining hearts and hands again
Be "Paddies evermore."

T.J.F.

Chicago, February, 1893.

GAELIC LITERATURE.

An Irish College Man Has Something to Say About Its Present Position and Prospects.

[THE CITIZEN publishes the following letter—as it believes in free speech—with the observation that, although Gaelic literature is grand and honorable in itself, still it cannot be entirely revived by complaints or scolding. It will have to be done by *native Irish* legislation. In this matter, the coming Home Rule parliament will be entirely free to act, and, we have no doubt, will act according to the desire of our esteemed correspondent. He does not desire Gaelic renaissance more ardently than ourselves, but we must have one thing at a time. Apropos of the bishops and priests, our correspondent seems to forget that only for a Connacht archbishop, the Most Rev. John MacHale, who beautifully translated Moore's melodies into Irish; and only for a Connacht priest, the Rev. Ulic Bourke, the Irish language, as a written and properly spoken tongue, would have been in danger of perishing from the face of the earth. In our boyhood, the good Connacht priests universally preached from the steps of the altar in Irish, and we never heard an Irish bishop or priest say a word against the ancient tongue, but the contrary. The most charming, touching and altogether noble tribute to the Gaelic tongue was written by the Rev. Michael Mullen, of Ballinasloe, county Galway, who died, and was buried, in this city, in 1869. Let us be just in these matters.—ED. CITIZEN]:

[*To the Editor.*]

It is now 10 o'clock of a Saturday night. I have finished a long day's work and I am tired—a matter about which your readers care nothing. Glancing at THE CITIZEN, among many other good things on the editorial page I read your quotation and comment on Mr. Yeats' remarks about Irish literature. Tired as I am, I take pen in hand to indorse Mr. Yeats and to assure you that the new Irish Literary Society will not remedy the evil that has been growing for 200 years. Ireland has committed a terrible intellectual sin. She had a native literature in her native speech, both of which she threw away, renounced and destroyed. That literature was racy of the soil, natural to the genius of the people, beautiful and ennobling. Banim said, the Irish language in the mouth of the poorest peasant had the dignity of the speech of a king about it. Now, I want your readers to understand that it was not the English but the Irish themselves—and particularly the Catholic bishops, priests and political leaders—who destroyed the native language and literature of the Gael. They first gave it a bad name, said anathema to it and to those who would preserve it, and it perished. It is easier to kill than to bring to life, it is easier to destroy than to construct. I desire to say a word about the higher Catholic schools in Ireland—Mr. Yeats has said a word about the higher Protestant academies. I know as much about the Catholic colleges as the brilliant Trinity college man does about the Protestant ones. As to the Irish Catholic colleges, lay and ecclesiastical, I hope there is in one respect nothing else in the world like them. They are all utterly un-Irish. They have all utterly ignored that there is, or ever was, an Irish nation. They have all utterly failed to teach that there is such a duty as patriotism for every man born into ordered society. They have put into the hands of young Irish Catholics historical manuals whose teaching was notoriously false—books that justified the penal laws and condemned every noble and virtuous thing that ever Irishmen did against the English invaders. The whole tendency of these institutions has been to wither, pervert and destroy the natural genius of the Irish people: and they have succeeded wonderfully in so doing. "In Ireland they read nothing." I know the Irish people as well as most men. I know three generations of them by personal observation. In every grand and manly quality, in everything that is sublime and spiritual, in everything that is gentle and dignified, tender and true, the present generation are as inferior to their grandfathers as a buck-cat is to a Bengal tiger. There is still some of the old tenderness and truth, of the old sweetness and simplicity in the unlettered Irish-speaking peasantry, but for the rest, they read nothing, they have no more fairy tales, Feulan ballads, songs, nor music.

The Dublin papers are tolerable—they are the only thing with a pretension to literature in the land—the provincial journals are a horror and a confusion. A hundred and fifty years ago every parish had its poet, when the people spoke Gaelic; today there is crystalizing all over the unfortunate island, a baser sort of Chinese civilization. Mr. Yeats says that the spirit of materialism is the spirit of the Irish schools. Even in the schools they don't read—they crave for clerkships to earn a little money, and very little of that same, adds Mr. Yeats, will they come by. As to the new Literary Society—those who could make something of it stand sullenly aloof. The prelates, priests and politicians of Ireland destroyed the national language and literature. They cursed and killed the great and ancient Celtic culture of their people. They seem at present neither able nor willing to build up any other culture. Be it known that in destroying the ancient Celtic culture they pulled down where they did not build. It was not St. Patrick or his successors who created Irish literature. Far from it. All that is most beautiful in the ancient Gaelic writings that have come down to us is of pre-Christian origin.

It is a pity that the writer of the "Tracts for the Times" in *United Ireland* does not take up this side of the question and treat it in his own masterly manner. These "Tracts for the Times" are the most important addition made to current Irish opinion during our age. For the first time the truth is being told on a question of vital importance to Ireland. The "Tracts for the Times" are almost worth all the evils and misfortunes that followed the downfall of Parnell. If the pathway opened up by them is followed as far as it leads, it will force the Irish clergy to change their now traditional policy of destroying every element of real national life in Ireland, or to quit Irish public and political life entirely. It is strange that no paper of Irish proclivities in America has noticed or reprinted these magnificent and matchless papers. But then a paper of Irish proclivities in America, with very few exceptions, is about the last place a man would go to look for anything worth the reading about Ireland. THE CITIZEN is one of these exceptions, and this is why I have defrauded myself of an hour's sleep to pen these uncouth paragraphs. Yours very truly,

AN IRISH COLLEGE MAN.

IMPORTANT.

An industrious Catholic lady or gentleman to represent our new book just published, "The Columbian Jubilee, or, Four Centuries of Catholicity in America." Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. Write for circulars and all information to the publishers,

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TO THE TAXPAYERS
OF
WEST CHICAGO.

The Real Estate Taxes for the year of 1892 are due and payable at the office of the West Town Collector, 161-165 West Madison-st., (Haymarket Theatre Building). You save your town 2 per cent by paying on the West Side. Books close March 10.

ADAM WOLF,
Collector.

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JAMES MCENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss. Superior Court of said County, January Term A. D. 1893. Archibald Wilson vs. Eva Catharine Wilson. In Chancery. No. 143,107. Affidavit of non-residence of Eva Catharine Wilson defendant in the above entitled cause having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Eva Catharine Wilson that the said complainant has filed his bill of complaint in the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the said defendant, returnable on the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the City of Chicago, within and for said County of Cook, on the first Monday of February A. D. 1893, as by the said bill of complaint will more fully appear. And which said day of return is required by law. Now, unless you, the said defendant, shall personally be and appear before said Court on the said first day of the next term thereof, and plead, answer or demur to said complainant's said bill of complaint, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed by you, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill of complaint.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complt's Sol'r.

AN ORACLE.

We had chickens a-plenty, and turkeys a-few,
And one old gray guinea—of all things to cluck
A guinea's the clackinest ever you knew;
She just keeps on saying, "Come back!" and "Come back!"

When I was a youngster and also a fool—
They're, generally speaking, all one, more's the pity—
I thought I'd quit farming and going to school
And go make my fortune awhile in the city.

Mother cried a good deal, and my father looked glum,
Though he gave me a sort of one sided consent,
But he said, "Recollect, we are always to hum;
You can fetch yourself back when you're money's all spent."

That doesn't take long when your pocketbook's thin:
The board was so high, it was most of it eaten;
Boys seemed at a discount; I had to give in
That the old man was right, and the young one was beaten.

To myself, 'twas another concern, as you'll guess,
To go back to the farm and take up at the school,
Though I knew it was true of me, nevertheless
I shouldn't enjoy being called a young fool.

But somehow or other I heard, or it seemed,
Above all the noise that old guinea hen's clack,
I couldn't get clear of it; everywhere screamed
That guinea's eternal "Come back!" and "Come back!"

I footed it home, for my money was spent;
The grass was a picture, the sky was another,
And I sang to myself every step that I went,
"I'm going to mother! I'm going to mother!"

An the very first thing that I heard at the gate
Was that silly old guinea hen's clackety-clack,
And I hallooed, "Shut up! You are speaking too late!
Why, can't you see, stupid, that I have come back?"

—Margaret Vandegrift in Youth's Companion.

THE GOLDROOM.

The night mail from Paris panted into Calais Pier station only five minutes late. The usual scrambling exodus of passengers eager to get a snack at the buffet before the steamer was due to start began almost before the train had stopped.

My employment is that of traveling clerk to an express company, whose business it is to convey between Paris and London valuables intrusted to it by clients.

I was more than usually anxious that night, because it was marked by the inauguration of a new system. Hitherto the valuables had been placed by one of us in the goldroom rented by our company on the steamers. The room had been carefully locked, and the property had been left to take care of itself until it got to Dover, where it was met by another official of the company, who was provided with a duplicate key.

The captains of the boats were also in possession of keys in case it should be necessary for the safety of the ship to enter the goldroom.

These precautions, however, had proved insufficient. Although the locks on the goldroom door were safety ones of the most approved kind, impressions in wax had been obtained, false keys had been manufactured, and robberies had been frequent—perpetrated, without doubt, during the passage across the channel by a gang of expert thieves.

In consequence, an official was to accompany in future every consignment and keep watch and ward at the goldroom door.

That night the consignment was of small bulk, but of extraordinary value. It consisted of two tin boxes, one of which contained notes on the Bank of France, sent to the Bank of England in payment for a purchase of 500,000 sovereigns, the other box contained negotiable bonds, with coupons attached, of the new Turkish loan—the property of the largest financial house in the world.

The bonds were worth £250,000, so that my total charge amounted to £3,750,000.

Two of the company's porters had accompanied me from Paris to assist in shipping the boxes. As I stood on the platform watching my men haul the boxes from the treasury van I was tapped on the shoulder by one of the French detectives whose duty it is to keep an eye on the boats.

"You cross tonight under the new arrangement, Mr. Dutton, I think," he whispered.

"That is so," I replied. "Have you taken stock of my fellow passengers?"

"Yes," he said; "and I have not spotted any suspicious characters so far. Ah! stand aside there, mon ami; make way for madame," and the detective pulled me gently back a step to allow a solemn procession to pass along the platform to the gangway of the steamer.

A couple of railway porters were carrying a sick woman, by whose side walked a tall maid. Two other porters followed, wheeling a truck of unmistakable feminine luggage.

The detective stepped quickly to the side of the truck and read the address painted in large white letters on one of the packages.

"Mme. la Comtesse de Brune," he said as he rejoined me. "It is not a title with which I am familiar. Mon cher, it might be as well if you kept yourself acquainted with that lady's whereabouts on the boat."

"What! Have you cause for suspicion?" I asked.

"Not in the least. I did not recognize either the grande dame or her maid. Only when one comes across a title unknown to us of the French police it makes one cautious—that is all, my friend. Bon voyage."

The detective moved away, and I followed my men on board the boat, each carrying one of the boxes. On the gangway I met the captain, to whom I was well known—jolly old Captain Temple.

"Hullo, my boy!" he said. "So you're going with us. That's good; you'll relieve me from a lot of responsibility. I got my new key for your precious new lock from the agent today, but I've hit on a better dodge than all the locks in the world. Just come along with me."

Captain Temple led the way below, I followed with my men. The goldroom was situated on the main deck in a little recess aft of the saloon.

It was about 10 feet square and was approached by a narrow passage 6 yards long running out of the saloon, in which, as we passed through, I noticed the invalid lady and her attendant being ushered into a stateroom by the stewardess.

The stateroom was the nearest to the goldroom passage—a fact which further impressed upon me the hint given by the detective.

The captain opened the door of the goldroom with his key, and my men deposited the boxes on the floor. Captain Temple waited till I had dismissed them and then stooped down in another corner of the room and pulled at a small tag of wire that protruded through a hole.

When he had got enough wire to make a fair sized loop, he carried over one of the boxes, put the loop of wire around it and turned to me with a smile.

"There, Dutton," he said. "Now, if any one touches that box I shall know it up on the bridge as soon as you will in the saloon there—sooner, if you don't happen to spot them going in."

I complimented the skipper on his ingenuity, though I made the mental reservation that on occasions when I happened to be on duty his electric bell would never be used. I did not mean to take my eye off that passage during the voyage.

The captain put the other box on the top of the one to which the wire was attached, and after a last look round we locked the door, this time with my key, to make sure that the new lock answered satisfactorily to both of them.

It was a fine night, and the saloon was nearly empty, most of the passengers preferring the fresh air on deck. One respectable old gentleman, evidently a clergyman, was immersed in a book at the table that ran down the center of the saloon, but with these exceptions all the occupants of the place were ladies, and not many of them.

In my immediate vicinity only one lady was sitting, and I paid very little attention to her, all my thoughts being concentrated on the goldroom door, with just half a wink now and then toward the invalid lady's cabin.

But it soon came to my notice that the lady near me was in trouble of some kind. From my position I could see her without turning round, and I noticed that she kept her head in her hands and appeared to be shaken with suppressed sobbing.

At length she raised her face and looked at me. Her eyes were red with weeping and there were tears on her cheeks. She was quite young and very pretty—far too pretty to be traveling alone, I thought.

There was a pleading expression in her eyes as she looked at me which half suggested that she required some service at my hands, though I quite made up my mind not to grant it, whatever it might be, if it should take me from my post for one single instant. Beauty in distress was a decoy not altogether unknown in the annals of crime, and, at the risk of impoliteness, I would avoid all chance of becoming a victim.

Hesitating and struggling with emotion, the girl opened her lips and essayed to speak. The words seemed to come with difficulty and were almost inaudible.

"May I ask you to give me your attention for a moment?" she stammered. "Believe me, it is on a matter of great importance."

"I am on duty here," I answered, "and I cannot come over to you. You had better come a little nearer."

"It is about your duty I wish to speak," was her astounding reply as she moved over and took a seat by my side. "You are in charge of the goldroom, are you not?"

"Yes," I said shortly, not knowing what to expect.

She paused for a moment and then went on, speaking hurriedly in a whisper. "I wish to save my brother from the perpetration of a great crime," she said. "He is the dupe of a wicked man—of Red Jem, the notorious boat thief, and his gang. There is a plot on foot to steal the valuables from the goldroom tonight. A thousand times better for my brother to suffer punishment at the hands of the law for a first unsuccessful attempt than to become a hardened criminal. Oh, sir, stop him in time and be as merciful as your duty will permit."

The young lady need have no apprehension lest I should fail to stop the robbery, I said to myself. Then I asked aloud, "Where is your brother, then?"

"In the goldroom at this moment," was the reply, which took my breath away.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I have not moved from this spot since the goldroom door was locked."

"My brother slipped into the passage just after we started, while you were looking at that cabin door. He was concealed under the saloon table. And you do not know Red Jem, sir. He has master keys that will fit any lock."

I was puzzled sorely. I felt as sure as man could feel that no one could have passed into the passage without my seeing him. And, again, if there was some one in the goldroom tampering with the boxes, how was it that the captain's boasted electric bell had not warned him up on the bridge?

However, my duty was obvious. I must unlock the door and see for myself if anything was wrong. I drew the key from my pocket and approached the door, followed by the weeping girl, who now began to show signs of repenting her confidence in me.

"He is only a lad, sir, only a lad. Spare him if you can, and remember that I, his sister, prevented the robbery."

I put the key in the lock, and the heavy door swung back, opening inward. There was no light in the place beyond what reached it from the saloon, and in the dim corner I could see the boxes just as we had left them. But there was no robber.

I took a step forward to look behind the door, in case perchance he was lurking there, and then in a moment I knew that I was done.

Lithe arms stole around my neck and pressed a filthy plaster of some substance over my mouth; several pairs of strong hands gripped me from behind and cast me to the floor.

As I fell the door of the goldroom swung to, and all was darkness.

But only for a second. A silent match blazed up, and a candle was lighted which shone on strange company.

Kneeling on my chest and binding me with a vigor which ill assorted with her assumed character was the "sick countess," whom I had seen carried on board.

Helping to hold me down was the tall maid who had walked by her side, while covering me with the shining barrel of a revolver was the girl who had induced me to open the doors, a horrid grin on her face in place of tears.

"There you are, friend Dutton," said the "countess," who was no other than Red Jem himself. "I think you will do now for the few minutes we shall require you. What a pity it is that your people have been so smart. You see that nice new lock compelled us to get you to be so obliging as to open the door for us. Look alive with the pigments, Bill, and get on with your makeup."

I was half dazed with the suddenness of the attack, but my senses were rapidly clearing, and I was beginning to appreciate the value of Captain Temple's electric bell. Whatever happened to me, I thought, the boxes would be all right—the alarm would ring directly they were touched.

I was soon to be undeceived. I was held against the wall by the powerful hands of Red Jem, looking strangely fantastic in his feminine dress.

The tall "maid" who had been addressed as Bill rapidly divested herself of her top clothing. Then my clothes were taken from me, and Bill put them on, standing revealed at last in his proper character of a neatly built young man of about my own height

As soon as he was dressed in my clothes he took up an actor's paintbox and proceeded to make sundry alterations in his face. Bit by bit the likeness grew, till in front of me stood a counterpart of myself—a counterpart that my mother might have mistaken for the original.

"Now, Mr. Dutton," said Red Jem, "you see our little game perhaps. My friend Bill here will relieve you of your duties and will see the bonds safely ashore. Katie will take Bill's place as a much more appropriate maid and will escort me—the sick Comtesse de Brune—back to her cabin while the coast is clear. Neat, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "but what are you going to do with me?"

"Ah, my dear friend," he replied, with a horrid grin on his painted face, "that is the sad part of it. You have got to die, Dutton. I'm sorry, but $3,000,000 is worth a man's life. Bill, where's that knife? Nobody would be likely to hear the pistol down here, but it's best to make sure."

My counterfeit drew a glittering dagger from the clothes he had removed and gave it to Red Jem.

There was but one chance for me, and that was to ring the electric bell. To shout would be to incur certain death, and the odds were that in that out of the way place, amid the rush of water and the noise of the paddles, no one would hear my cry.

But how to get free in time!

"I suppose you will give me two minutes to make my peace?" I said.

"Oh, yes, if you think it worth while to prolong the agony," said the thief. "Only be quick about it."

"It may seem odd to you, but I have scruples about these matters," I said. "Would you object to loosing this strap round my legs so that I can kneel? You see it is impossible to escape with the door locked and three of you here."

"I'm the best natured fellow in the world," replied the bloodthirsty scoundrel, and he stooped and unbuckled the strap. "There, get to your prayers and don't be long about it. You can use your precious bondboxes as a desk, if you like."

In those last words he sealed his own fate and that of his companions.

Outwardly calm, but in reality trembling with excitement, I assumed a devotional attitude in the corner of the goldroom, resting my elbows on the top of the uppermost box. With my knees I gently pushed the lower one so as to bring a strain on the wire.

Once, twice, thrice, I pressed it and then knelt down in prayer, which it is very certain was not all make believe.

Red Jem and his companions were whispering by the door, and from the scraps of conversation that reached me I learned that my body was to be thrown overboard.

"Now, young man, time's up," said the principal villain at length, advancing to where I knelt, but as he did so I knew that I was saved.

There was a hurried rush of many feet outside, the door was thrown open, and Captain Temple, pistol in hand and followed by half a dozen men, burst in.

For a moment he was puzzled at the likeness between me and the robber known as Bill, but he soon grasped the situation. Red Jem and his gang will not trouble the Dover mailboats for many a day, and I have since heard that his wife—the Katie who so cleverly imposed upon me in the saloon and afterward held a pistol to my head—died in prison.

After all, it was the captain's invention, and not my care of the goldroom key which saved the company's property, and, what is not of so much importance, the life of one of its servants.—Boston Globe.

A Philosopher.

"Come, let's cross the street," said a man to a friend with whom he was walking. "I don't want to meet that fellow Spigett. I owe him."

"Why are you so much afraid today? You met him yesterday and shook hands with him."

"Yes, but it was different then."

"Why so?"

"Because I had on old clothes yesterday, but I have on a new suit today, my dear fellow," affectionately taking his friend's arm. "Nothing can rival a suit of new clothes in the matter of inviting duns. If you owe a man, he thinks it is your duty to wear sack cloth and ashes until you pay him."—Texas Siftings.

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

THE PRIESTS OF VERY EARLY TIMES WERE AWARE OF IT.

Long Before the Forty-niners Rushed to the El Dorado, Indians Peddled the Precious Dust on the Streets of Monterey. A Priest's Secret.

The discovery of gold in California has recently called forth a good deal of discussion, and also an especially interesting story from Captain W. H. Thomes, president of the Society of California Pioneers.

Captain Thomas, before he took up his permanent residence in Boston, spent many years in California and is very much interested in the early history of the gold discoveries.

He says: "I am perfectly satisfied that the presence of gold in that region was known to the priests in the very earliest times. The priests, who were the first pioneers, were a pastoral people. As missionaries they gained a wonderful influence over the native Indians and gradually flooded the country with great herds of sheep and cattle that roamed over ranges thousands of acres in extent. These herds the Indians tended, and it was therefore the policy of the priests to keep the Indians in subjection.

"The priests brought with them from Spain grapevines and orange trees, and they sought to bring peace and plenty to the new land. They were wise, long headed men and must have known of the existence of gold, but they also knew the avariciousness of the Spanish people. They reasoned that if the presence of the yellow metal should become known in Spain hordes of greedy adventurers would rush in, robbing, killing and ravishing. Their peaceful relations with the Indians would be broken off, the great herds would be scattered, and the supremacy of the priests themselves would be lost.

"This supremacy was at its highest in 1765, when from the missions at San Diego a chain of 24 missions was extended northward. Junipero Sera was priest president of all the missions in California and was an intelligent, persevering, enterprising man. He was not only instrumental in founding mission after mission, but he added to the herds thousands of sheep and cattle.

"I have been six times to California and have talked with priests of all nationalities, Mexican, Spanish, Irish and American, and I am confident from what they say that Junipero Sera knew about the gold, but he was a singular character and ruled with a hand of steel, so that gold was a word that no one dared to utter. He had the history of Peru and other countries in his mind, and he knew that an influx of gold hunters meant terror and destruction and the failure of all his great plans.

"It is claimed that the first discoveries were in 1848, when the whole world was turned topsy turvy with the astonishing news. I myself was in California in 1843 and staid there for three years, and I can positively say that gold was known there then, for I have seen it in Monterey. On Sundays the Indians would come into town, naked except for a cloth around their middles, and exchange a little pinch of gold for a drink of aguardiente or native rum. No one knew where they got the gold, but sometimes they would have several dollars' worth of the precious dust. This was an old custom, for at Mission Carmel I interviewed, through an interpreter, an aged Indian, who said that when he was a boy gold was found in the mountains and rivers round about, and the natives would wash out a panful in order to get a good drunk on Sunday, which Christian Indians were forbidden to do. He thought that there was still gold in the mountains, but he was so old that he had forgotten where it was.

"In 1841 Andres Castillero, the same person who afterward discovered the New Alameda quicksilver mine in Santa Clara county, while traveling from Los Angeles to Monterey found near the Santa Clara river a great number of water worn pebbles which he gathered up and carried with him to Santa Barbara. He there exhibited them, said they were a peculiar species of iron pyrites, and declared that according to Mexican miners wherever they were found there was a likelihood of gold being also found. A ranchero named Francisco Lopez, who was living on the Piru creek, a branch of the Santa Clara river, but who happened at the time to be at Santa Barbara, heard Castillero's statement and examined his specimens.

"Some months afterward, having returned home, he went out to search for strayed cattle. At noon, when he dismounted from his horse for the purpose of resting, he observed a few wild onions growing near where he lay. He pulled them up, and in so doing noticed the same kind of pebbles as those to which Castillero had called his attention. Remembering what Castillero had said about them, he took up a handful of earth, and upon carefully examining it discovered gold. The news of the discovery, at the place which was called San Francisquito, about 35 miles northeast of Los Angeles, soon spread. In a few weeks a great many persons were engaged in washing and winnowing the sands and earth in search of gold.

"The auriferous fields were found to extend from a point on the Santa Clara river about 15 or 20 miles from its mouth over all the country drained by its upper waters, and thence easterly to Mount San Bernardino.

"On May 14, 1843, Alvarado wrote to the prefect of the district reproving him for not giving official notice of the discovery and directing him to gather and forward an account of all circumstances of interest relating to the gold for transmission to the supreme government.

"From that time to the present day there has been more or less working of these mines, but no places of very great richness have been found, and none to compare with those afterward discovered on the tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin."—Boston Herald

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 50.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.25.

Offer No 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reinforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" movement, known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $ 2.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.75. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13 15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $15.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

GOOD NIGHT.

We hear it from a mother's knee, in echo down the stair,
Oftimes in notes of childlike glee, ofttimes at close of prayer.

We hear it at the garden gate, half whispered, sweet and low,
While lovers linger until late and loath e'en then to go.

We hear it said in gilded halls, where mirth and gladness reign,
Where beauty glows and music falls in captivating strain.

We hear it at the bedside, where dread pain and grief are known,
And tender ministrations share with the stricken and the lone.

We hear it when the sun of day withdraws from mortal sight;
What comfort, then, to hear and say, "Good night, dear heart," "Good night."
—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

TWO TENDERFEET.

The "old timer" in Colorado has a supreme contempt for tenderfeet, or newcomers. This feeling is gradually dying out, but it will never be wholly extinct until the last old timer has passed "over the range." There was a time, however, when the old timer looked upon the tenderfoot as an interloper and usurper.

Less than 10 years ago two bright young fellows from New York arrived in Colorado bearing letters of introduction to the most prominent and wealthy men in Denver. They were young men of ample fortunes and announced their intention of engaging in mining. They did not desire to purchase a mine. They wanted the excitement of prospecting. They were hale and hearty and were anxious for the experience of roughing it.

Among others to whom they brought letters of introduction was Uncle Billy Golden, an old timer, who had "struck it rich" in Leadville and was rated financially at $8,000,000.

Uncle Billy had all of the pioneer dislike for tenderfeet, but these young men were such manly, independent fellows that they soon found favor in the old man's eyes, so that one morning when they came to him and announced their intention of going to Leadville to prospect for "carbonates" the old man gave them some very valuable information. He told them of a locality where he was confident they would find mineral. He shook them warmly by the hand at parting, and they promised to take his advice and never to forget his great kindness.

"Those boys have the right kind of stuff in them," said Uncle Billy.

A month later he received a letter from the boys. They had located a claim in the exact spot suggested by him and had named the claim the "Uncle Billy" in his honor. They were very sanguine of striking mineral, and as Uncle Billy had given them a "pointer" on this promising location they felt that they ought to show their appreciation in some substantial way, so they sent him a deed to a one-third interest in the "Uncle Billy" mine.

Two months passed by, and Uncle Billy received occasional letters from his young tenderfeet friends. They had not struck mineral, but they were expecting to do so any day.

A few weeks later Uncle Billy received the following telegram:

NEW YORK, July 10, 1882.

To William Golden, Denver, Colo.:
What will you take for the "Uncle Billy" mine? Spot cash. Answer quick.
J. MADISON WRIGHT & Co.

This telegram set Uncle Billy to thinking. He reasoned that the boys had struck it in this mine and had acquainted their New York friends with the fact. He had been purposely kept in ignorance, so that they could buy him out cheap. It was all clear to Uncle Billy. He had been through a number of mining transactions, but he had never yet been "done up by a tenderfoot," as he expressed it.

He wired back:

DENVER, July 10, 1882.

J. Madison Wright & Co., New York:
I cannot make a figure without consulting my partners, who are now in Leadville. If you want my one-third interest, wire me, and I will name price. WILLIAM GOLDEN.

That night came the answer:

Must have the entire property. See your partners and fix lowest possible price. English capitalists waiting.
J. MADISON WRIGHT & Co.

The next night Uncle Billy arrived in Leadville, and early the next morning started for the mine. He had little trouble in finding it, for the fame of the "Uncle Billy" had quietly spread throughout the camp.

"Halt!"

This challenge brought Uncle Billy to a sudden standstill. It came from a miner standing in front of the "Uncle Billy" shafthouse. As he gave the command he lowered a Winchester rifle to enforce it if necessary.

A parley ensued. Uncle Billy learned that the mine had been closed and left under an armed guard. No one was allowed on the premises.

"I am one of the owners of this mine!" exclaimed Uncle Billy.

"I can't help that," was the reply. "you can't come any farther. I've got my orders, and now you've got yours. Keep off."

"Where are young Jackson and Miller?"

"In Denver."

Uncle Billy managed to get a handful of the dirt on the dump when the sentry was not looking and made a dignified retreat.

"I see how it is," he said; "these young tenderfeet are trying to do me up. I'll show 'em a trick with a hole in it."

He hurried back to Denver and found young Jackson, one of the co-owners of the "Uncle Billy" mine.

"How much do you and Miller want for your interest?" asked Uncle Billy.

"We are not anxious to sell," replied Jackson. "We think we have a pretty good thing, but if you want our interest you can have it for $100,000 cash."

"Come in this evening," replied Uncle Billy.

He at once wired J. Madison Wright & Co.:

"Will take $500,000 for 'Uncle Billy' mine."

The answer came promptly:

"Terms satisfactory. Will leave for Denver tonight." This telegram was signed "J. Madison Wright."

That evening William Golden gave James Jackson a check for $100,000 and received a quit-claim deed to the property.

Then he waited for J. Madison Wright. Four days passed. J. Madison was due to arrive. A week elapsed, and no J. Madison came.

Then Uncle Billy telegraphed the firm of J. Madison Wright & Co. and inquired about the delay. He received an answer that they did not know to what delay he referred. Explanations followed, and Uncle Billy learned that no telegrams had been sent him by the firm of J. Madison Wright & Co. "If any such were sent to him, they were forgeries," the telegram concluded.

"Bunkoed!" exclaimed Uncle Billy, "and by tenderfeet too."

* * * * * *

James Jackson and John Miller were sitting on the veranda of a quaint little hotel in the south of France in the early summer of 1884. A bottle of wine and a box of cigarettes were on the table. Miller was laughing uproariously.

"You ought to have seen the look on the old man's face," said Jackson as he lighted a cigarette, "when I gave him the deed. He actually thought he was doing us up in great style. I would have liked to have seen him when he got into that sand bank which we called a mine."

"I suppose he has found out by this time that I sent those telegrams," said Miller as he raised a glass of wine to his lips. "Oh, well," he continued when he had drained the glass, "it was only $100,000, and he has more left, while we will soon have to go to work again, for we have only $15,000 left. Why, what is the matter, old man?" he suddenly asked as he observed his companion gazing at a London paper, his face pale and his hand trembling. "What is the matter, old man; are they after us?"

"Read it," replied Jackson.

Miller picked up the paper and read: "The Denver Tribune records a wonderful mining sale. William Golden, the noted Colorado millionaire and mine owner, has just sold the 'Uncle Billy' mine on Fryer hill, Leadville, to an English syndicate for £1,000,000. During the past two years this mine has produced £300,000."

Miller's face was white. His lips trembled as he said, "We've been bunkoed!"—New York World.

A. M. and P. M.

I had often wondered what the letters "a. m." and "p. m." are taken to mean by those who are ignorant of Latin—the very great majority. Not long ago I had the opportunity of obtaining some slight evidence on this point. I had been lunching at the Savoy hotel with a friend. On leaving the hotel by the back entrance my friend's attention was attracted by a notice that that entrance was closed at 12:30 a. m. "A. m.," he cried; "why, it ought to be p. m. Here, porter!" The porter came and assured my friend that, as I had in vain been endeavoring to explain to him, a. m. was perfectly right. "Of course it is," I added; "a. m. stands for after midnight, doesn't it, porter?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "that's it." Afterward it occurred to me that if a. m. stands for after midnight, p. m. might just as well stand for past midday. At any rate, it is curious that both a. m. and p. m. can each of them be understood to stand for two words of which the general sense is the same in both Latin and English.

The Italians are much better entitled to use a. m. and p. m. than we are, for they have no need to invoke Latin, and say e. g., "le due antimeridiane" and "le due pomeridiane." But they do not seem to use these letters. I myself have the impression that I have seen ant. and pom. An Italian lady whom I have consulted is quite sure that they use an. but is not so sure about pm., though she believes it to be used. In an Italian time table book I find simply a. and p.—Notes and Queries.

The Language of Animals.

There may be no dumb animals—only their voices may be out of our ear. It must be supposed that small creatures, including quadrupeds, hear sounds much more acute than are audible to us, but none of the lower notes of our scale. This is perhaps the case with cats and dogs, who can obviously communicate with one another, coming so close as almost to touch noses, but making no sound audible to us. Thus there is not such a confusion of noises as there would be otherwise. The vast difference of pitch heard by different great tribes of creatures causes us and them to have, so to speak, the world to ourselves.—New York Home Journal.

How to Measure a River.

Anybody can measure approximately the breadth of a river without a surveyor's compass or any mechanical means whatever. The man who desires to make the experiment should place himself at the edge of the stream, then stand perfectly still, face the opposite bank and lower the brim of his hat until it just cuts the opposite bank. Then let him put both hands under his chin to steady his head and turn slowly round until the hat brim cuts some point on the level ground behind him. Mark the spot where the hat brim cuts the ground, then pace off the distance, and it will be found about the breadth of the river.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Too Liberal.

Wife—Here's an advertisement in the paper that you'd better look into. It says a man is wanted, and he won't be worked to death, and he'll get paid enough to live on.

Husband—Says he won't be worked to death, eh?

"Yes, and they promise to pay enough to live on."

"Huh! Some catch about that."—New York Weekly.

A Sartorial Discussion.

"Do you believe man is made of dust, Mr. Snip?"

"Not all of them," said the tailor. "Dust always settles, and I know men who do not."—Harper's Bazar.

A WEALTHY BAREFOOT BOY.

A Physician's Son Who Goes Stockingless Summer and Winter.

The indignation of the passengers on a western Maryland railroad train was somewhat unnecessarily excited near Baltimore by the unusual spectacle of a richly clad boy of five or six years, whose legs and feet were perfectly bare, although the winter morning was a cold one. The child was accompanied by his mother and sister, both of whom were richly dressed, and the sudden conclusion was formed by the passengers that the family had spent so much money in wraps, dresses and coverings for the bodies and shoulders of the elders that nothing had been left wherewith to provide a protection from the inclemency of the weather for the boy's extremities.

The appearance and conduct of the three, which indicated culture, wealth and, on the part of the mother, parental solicitude for the welfare of her offspring, and on the part of the boy perfect content and comfort and apparent obliviousness to the fact that his feet and ankles were bare, hardly seemed to accord with the hastily formed suspicion of the curious spectators. On inquiry it was ascertained that the boy was the son of a prominent physician who had lost one child after another with throat diseases until he hit upon the idea of turning his children out barefooted, as children went before stockings and shoes, which retain the moisture of the foot and the moisture of the ground, were invented.

The physician's experiment proved to be a perfect success. The barefooted boy was the picture of health. At Union station he ran up the cold boards and ice covered bricks laughing and singing and totally unaware of any discomfort. By adopting the barefoot method the Maryland physician has succeeded in raising a family of healthy boys and girls. Winter and summer his children of both sexes have gone shoeless and stockingless. People look on with curiosity and amazement, but the doctor is perfectly satisfied with the results.

Indian mothers made their babies hardy by plunging them in the ice covered streams. Physicians of today say that the best remedy for cold feet is to plunge them into cold water. The warmth, comfort and exhilaration which come from the attraction of the blood to the extremities exceed any physical delight to be extracted from toasting one's toes at the open fire, the register or the steam radiator. It seems to be Mother Nature's way of teaching us that we must endure before we enjoy and that the greatest joy comes through endurance.—Baltimore American.

Smoking Not So Dangerous After All.

The coroner of St. Louis has "knocked out" one superstition of the doctors and explains himself thus:

I think I have knocked one superstition completely out. This is the belief that inveterate smoking causes heart disease. Out of a total of 460 deaths due to heart trouble that have come under my observation during the last two years, only two of the victims were regular smokers. Drink caused the largest portion of those diseases, and so the deaths. Fifteen years ago, when I was back in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, a doctor told me that I would be a dead man within two years unless I quit smoking. My heart was affected, he said, and the tobacco, by increasing the organ's movement, aggravated the malady.

Six years ago that same physician passed through this city on the way to Colorado for his health. He was almost a complete wreck, and his heart was in a very bad state. I happened to meet him, and almost the first thing he said was, "You quit smoking long ago, I suppose." "Well, scarcely," I replied. "I smoke now on an average twenty-five cigars a day and never felt better in my life." You never saw such an astonished man in your life. To make a long story short, I got that man to smoke a cigar, and before the morning was over he had smoked five. Tobacco put him on the up road to health again, and he is living yet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rolling an Empty Barrel.

One of the interesting spectacles of the streets adjacent to the great markets of this town is the feats of barrel rolling performed by predatory boys, mostly Italians. It may seem an easy thing to roll a barrel along a crowded sidewalk, without doing aught that shall bring down the disapproval of the police, but it isn't. The Italian gleaner tips his barrel, open end up, at an angle of thirty degrees or less, and whirls it along by deft touches with one hand at the inner edge of the rim. A barrel thus treated by a clever lad can be sent along for blocks with only an occasional touch from the other hand. Even at curbs and crossings the skillful roller keeps his barrel going with one hand. There is never a collision with the ordinarily careful pedestrian, and the line of advance, when the pavement is clear, is straight as the crow flies.—New York Sun.

The Blue Color of the Sky.

The blue color of the sky is probably merely the color of the air seen through a length of about forty-five miles. It has been observed by those who have ascended about five miles above the earth's surface that the sky appears of a dark, inky hue, owing to the very small reflection and dispersion of the light, while the blue color no longer appears above, but below them. Similarly the blue color of distant hills is owing to the same cause. Del Meer believed that were it possible for a man to ascend to a height of ten miles he would find himself in total darkness, even though it were bright noonday on the earth below him.—St. Louis Republic.

Pitiful Paragraphs.

Nothing in the newspapers is more pitiful than the constantly recurring paragraphs which contain the last letters of a suicide. The pathos of them is not obscured by the absurd inadequacy of the reasons which they only too often advance for self destruction.—Boston Globe.

From a New Point of View.

"For years," said a steady churchgoer, "I had been sitting in the same pew and in the same seat—the end seat by the aisle. Usually the other places are occupied by members of my family, for we all attend church pretty regularly, but one Sunday recently, when for one reason and another they had all stayed at home, I sat in my pew alone. Seeing plenty of room there, the usher brought to sit with me a stranger. I was of course glad to welcome him. I did not get up and step out into the aisle so that he might pass in by me, but I moved along to the other end of the pew and let him sit in my place. When I had seen him comfortably seated and handed him a hymnbook and had turned toward the pulpit again I was surprised to find that everything in the church seemed new and strange to me. For a long time I had been accustomed to seeing the backs of the heads of my friends and neighbors who sit in front of me and the sides of their faces from a certain point of view.

"I saw them now from another point of view, and they all seemed to look very differently. I saw children who appeared from their demeanor to be regular attendants at church, but whom I had never noticed there before. They had been there of course, but my view of them had been cut off by the heads and shoulders of other persons. The preacher appeared to me in another light, and it seemed as though his sermon, coming as it did along a new angle, came with new power. Indeed it was almost like visiting a new church. The fact is that we are all such creatures of habit that we are apt to be surprised if we depart even a little way from the road we are accustomed to travel."—New York Sun.

Uses for Dudes.

The plain, everyday young man, with a superfluity of cheek and deficiency of chin, who seems to have been born with a tooth for buckhorn, was born for some good purpose, no doubt, though it is hard to tell just what it is.

A western gentleman who runs a country newspaper at home has been in New York recently and thinks he has made a valuable discovery. He saw one of these young men in a doorway of Delmonico's, standing there sucking his cane gloomily and looking almost human.

"We can't get any servant girls in my town," said the westerner. "Our best people have to do all their own work, though they are willing and able to pay for having it done. All the new generation of girls out our way have been sent to high school, normal school and college, and are educated way out of sight of the kitchen and would faint at a washtub. Now that young man over there looks as if he might be taught housework. He could at least mind the baby while the old woman worked. I understand you have lots of those fellows here. You call them 'chippies' or 'chappies.' There doesn't seem to be much prospect of making men out of them. Why not turn in and make women out of them? If that fellow would only go out west with me I'd give him a good place where he could cook, wash dishes, tend baby and make himself a useful and happy citizen and get good wages too."—New York Herald.

Some Historic Pieces.

The walls of Kilcolman castle, built by Raleigh for Spenser, are still standing. The state drawing room in which the poet is said to have written the "Faery Queen" is used as a stable, and a cow touches the opposite walls with her horns and tail.

The castle of Chillon, commanding an important mountain pass, was for ages a favorite fortress of the dukes of Savoy. The stranger passes through the dungeons below the lake where Bonnivard was chained and where other prisoners starved to death up to the unaired, damp little rooms above, and is tempted to think that the royal dukes were not much more comfortably housed than their enemies.

"But," argues the triumphant foreigner, "if your houses are large and luxurious, with modern appliances, think of the immortal deeds which ennobled these cramped closets and narrow closes!"

Not all the courage of men is spent; not all the laurel crowns have been won! Smith, of New York, or Jones, of Tacoma, in his comfortable, commonplace home, is quite as likely to justify his right to live by lofty aims and noble acts as was any Sidney or Bourbon.—Youth's Companion.

Art in Children's Toys.

The tendency to do everything better than formerly is again shown in the wonderful toy animals offered at fairs and exchanges.

In the infancy of this art rabbits and elephants of white and gray canton flannel, with shoe buttons for eyes and abnormally developed legs which yet often failed to support the stuffed bodies dependent upon them, were the highest specimens seen. Now, however, realistic animals, carefully fashioned from drawings from life, animals of natural symmetry and proportions, that stand properly and are made of colors admirably imitating the skin or fur with which the living model is provided—these are the present results. The nicety of the work in detail secures a really wonderful effect as a whole.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Must Earn His Fee.

Dr. Pighead visits Mr. Coldham, the great pork manufacturer.

"Well, my dear sir, I don't see that there is anything radically wrong with you. Go to bed early, don't drink anything stronger than coffee, and you'll be all right in a week."

"What! Are you not going to give me any medicine?"

"Certainly not. You don't need it."

"But you get your money just the same."

"Yes. Just so."

"Well, I don't think it is a square deal. S'posin you bleed me, put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck and gimme a dose of salts. Everybody that works for me's got to earn his salary."—London Tit-Bits.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

512 Dillwyn St. Baltimore, Dec. 1892

I have taken your great blood purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I find to be a most excellent remedy, and I can recommend it as such. I have used it in my own family, and have found it to be just what it is represented by the proprietors. I have also sold it for many years, and have never had a complaint to make against it. It is the best blood purifier ever offered to the public, and I have no hesitation in saying so. I have taken your great blood purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I find to be a most excellent remedy, and I can recommend it as such. I have used it in my own family, and have found it to be just what it is represented by the proprietors. I have also sold it for many years, and have never had a complaint to make against it. It is the best blood purifier ever offered to the public, and I have no hesitation in saying so.

E. Walz

CURES OTHERS, Will Cure You.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Hensly, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 406 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 559 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div No 1—J J Adamson, Pres, 352 W Fourteenth-st; R P O'Grady, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland-av; Christopher McLaughlin, Fin Sec; Jere'h O'Brien, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted-sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4330 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 2 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4367 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3302 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3709 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, VP; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3872 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3556 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 132 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 324 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 365 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 W Erie.
Fin Sec; He
King, Med E
at Canalport av
st Pius No 4—I
ings st; Francis
Hinman st; F M S
kin, Treas; Dr Davi
2d and 4th Fridays a
st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5
96 Winthrop place; Jos
Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis
Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P L
Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at
and av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake,
Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec
Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Se
tin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sul.
Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Mon.
at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth a
State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119
State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av;
W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr
P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd
Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and
Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R,
3509 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec,
37 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin
Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J
Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p
m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality
Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R,
3550 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec,
1851 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm
White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet
1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305
Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av;
Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien,
Treas; Dr John E McNamara, Med Ex. Meet
1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's
Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S
Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 434
Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec;
John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex.
Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's
Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464
Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W
Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley,
Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd
Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R;
Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend
st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C
Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays
in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R,
528 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec,
5745 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec;
Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemstreger,
Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p
m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

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FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1855. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres, 434 W. Ohio-st; James M. Gubbins, 1st V-P; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. Magee. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana sts.

Literary Chances in New York.

The actual chances for literary success in New York are in no respect different from those which any greater city presents over those of a smaller community. If a literary man or woman can go to New York with a certainty offered in the way of a fairly paying position, then I say, by all means go, and if he has any talent in him it will come out and win quick success. But if he has only ordinary gifts then let him stay where he is, even with a certainty offered him. New York holds out nothing to such a man except a poor livelihood. Or, if a writer has established a fair reputation, is known by editors and publishers through letters, and he feels that there is something in him which only the activity of a great city will bring out, then let him go to busy Gotham.

But let him be careful that he does not confuse ambition with talent. New York is full of ambitious writers, and they will always remain ambitious, always reaching out to eat the literary oats which hang suspended just a little out of their reach. Ambition is a splendid quality, but the talent must be there to back it up. And the latter is what is lacking in so many of the ambitious literary spirits in New York today. It is all ambition.—E. W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

What Might Be, but Isn't.

What might be every day, but isn't, occurred on a train coming into Detroit from Toledo one day last week. There was a good looking young woman in a seat by herself when at a way station a rather fly drummer came on.

"Is this seat engaged, miss?" he inquired, stopping in front of her.

"No," she replied promptly.

"May I sit here?" he asked as he began to pile in.

"No!" she said with such a snap that he slid along the aisle and dropped into a place alongside a great, coarse man.—Detroit Free Press.

The Soo road has made a round-trip rate of $35 from St. Paul to New York and $40 to Boston.

Frederick Eberlene, a German farmer aged 20, residing near Bloomfield, Ia., committed suicide by taking strychnine.

At Bloomfield, Ia., James Moore, aged 17, slipped on the ice and fell, breaking his neck and dying instantly.

John H. Sturgeon has been arrested at 'Frisco for embezzling $15,000 trust funds at Lycurgus, O.

Mrs. Blaine will spend the summer in Europe and will be accompanied by her youngest daughter, Hattie.

Charles R. Carter has been sentenced at Mount Vernon, Mo., to hang April 14 next for the murder of Robert Crockett seven years ago.

The auditor of public accounts has issued a permit to Robert Gregory, N. D. C. Hume, W. A. Reed, and others to organize the Perry State bank, at Perry, Pike county, Ills., with a capital stock of $25,000.

Sixteen University of Virginia men are in the present congress. Four of them are in the senate division.

August Oberthalzer, aged 20, and the 16-year-old daughter of Jacob Doerschuck eloped from Clay City, Ind., and were married at Casey, Ills.

William West of Lima, O., has been arrested for the alleged forgery of a note. He claims the note was given to him by Adam Overholtzer, whose name is signed.

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3-lb cans Blue Hen's Chickens Tomatoes	.11	1.25
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2-lb cans River Bank Sweet Sugar Corn	.10	1.10
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2-lb cans Best Pie Pumpkin	.10	.90
3-lb cans Clinton Yellow Table Peaches	.13	1.45
3-lb cans Yellow Greenwood Table Peaches	.14	1.55
3-lb cans Eagle California Table Apricots	.15	1.65
2-lb cans H. & C. Sliced Pineapples	.08	.75
2-lb cans Flour City Raspberries	.09	1.00
2-lb cans Table Blackberries	.08	.90
1-lb cans Elliott Bay Salmon	.10	1.15
3-lb cans Mackerel in Tomato Sauce	.25	2.75
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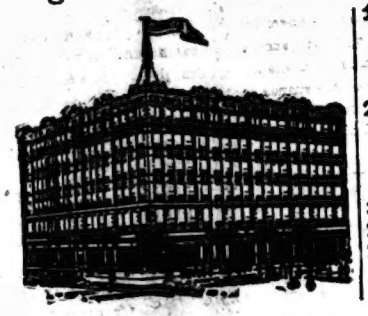

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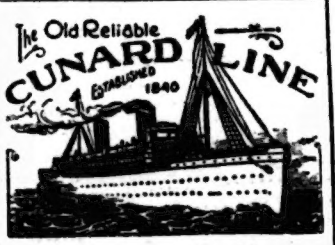

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ESTATE OF JOHN W. HUGHES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John W. Hughes, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, being the 15th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, February 28, 1893.
MARY HUGHES,
Administratrix.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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